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ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.—[SEE PAGE 339.]

THE SONG OF GRANT'S SOLDIERS.

PILE on the rails! Come, comrades, all,
We'll sing a song to-night;
To-morrow, when the bugles call,
Be ready for the fight.
Be ready then with loud hurrah
To battle or to die;
When Grant shall yield, the Northern star
Will fade from out the sky.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Before us lies the rebel host,
Their watch-fires we can see;
We laugh to hear the traitor boast
Of Southern victory.
Three cheers for Grant, and one more cheer,
Until the woods ring back!
Ah, well the rebel chief may fear
The blood-hound on his track.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

In Freedom's cause our blades were drawn;
The traitor yet shall feel
Before the day of Peace shall dawn
How strong is Northern steel.
Three cheers for Grant, my gallant men,
Give three loud, roaring cheers!
Until the foe within his den
Shall tremble while he hears.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Thus far we've come through fire and flood,
Still further on we'll press,
Although the way be red with blood
As through the wilderness.
Then cheer, brave comrades, let the night
Ring with your loud hurrahs,
For Grant, who knows so well to fight,
And for the Stripes and Stars.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Our longing eyes shall yet behold
Proud Richmond's slender spires;
Our children's children will be told
How fought their valiant sires.
Look well to cap and cartridge, too;
And as we onward press
We'll cheer for Grant, who brought us through
The bloody wilderness.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Brave soldiers of the Lord are we,
In solid ranks we come!
The Southern traitors yet shall see
How fight the "Northern scum."
Be ready, then, with loud hurrah,
To battle or to die;
When Grant shall yield, the Northern star
Will drop from out the sky.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

OUR ARMIES.

THE history of the last fortnight is the story of a tremendous battle between the armies of the Union and of the rebellion. No man will complain that we are not now making war in earnest. The rebels fight with valor and tenacity, and their own papers no longer deride the loyal army as the scum of creation, but confess that it fights with nerve and desperation. The face of General GRANT, of whom we publish a portrait to-day, is itself a victory. Its fixed resolution is terrible. And his career is the commentary upon it. At the West, and conspicuously at Vicksburg, when foiled in one way he tried another. He did every thing but doubt or despond, and always carried his point at last.

At the end of May, last year, GRANT made his brilliant march inland from the Mississippi. At once our papers announced the fall of Vicksburg. It was a premature exultation, and was followed by a corresponding doubt and depression. But on the 4th of July he finished his work, and Vicksburg fell. There has been the same eagerness now, and the same impatient hurrah. If the morning papers did not record a new victory there was a general inclination toward the same doubt. Yet every body knew that GRANT had entered upon a campaign which would be long and must be bloody. Every body knew that LEE had expected the assault and had prepared himself for it, and would contest the ground inch by inch. At the end of ten days the advantage unquestionably remained with us. "But he has not taken Richmond!" whispered the desponding. No, for he aimed at LEE. LEE was Richmond. When LEE is driven, Richmond totters. When LEE is overcome, Richmond falls.

And what blows he has dealt! How grand the spectacle of the Potomac army, officers and men, inspired by one sublime purpose, and all worthy of each other! "Turn my face to the enemy," said the dying General RICE, and every living soldier said the same thing in his heart, and kept and keeps his face turned there. Every soldier trusts his commander, and every commander the General-in-Chief. There is a unity which that army has never known, a confidence which is unprecedented. It is based not merely upon the prestige of success which surrounds the Lieutenant-General, but upon the result of his operations. If at the end of ten days GRANT had not outfought LEE, certainly LEE had not outgeneraled GRANT. The rebel was forced by arts as well as arms from two chosen positions. The strong hand of the Union army obeys irresistibly its clear head, and whatever the immediate result of this campaign may be, the army of LEE has been terribly shattered and its prestige is destroyed forever.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

ALTHOUGH so much nearer to Virginia than to Georgia that we have had daily more copious details of military movements from MEADE than from SHERMAN, our friends of the Western army must not suppose that their course has not been followed with a sympathy and interest proportioned to the importance of their struggle. The crowds which have gathered at morning and evening around the bulletin-boards have beheld with the same joy and pride the big black letters which announced Sherman's successful progress; the withdrawal from Dalton; the evacuation of Resaca; the capture of prisoners, guns, and trains. The public confidence in the quality of the Army of the West has never been shaken by any event; nor will it be disturbed by any result. The names of SHERMAN, of THOMAS, of M'PHERSON, and the rest, are names of heroes and soldiers. Remembered in the same prayers with their brethren of the Potomac, the same national confidence in the final triumph of liberty and law over anarchy follows from day to day the men of the Cumberland. Upon the green hills through which they press the roses already bloom; and beautiful upon those mountains will be their feet of victory!

THE DEAD HEROES.

THE friends of the heroes who have fallen in the late battles in the East and West need no assurance of the universal sympathy with which the whole nation mourns with them, for they see and hear every where the tokens of a common sorrow. Death for the country makes the citizen especially the country's child, and it is not a private but a public grief which now solemnizes the land. Every one of those brave men, officers and soldiers, died that all our homes may be happy and all our liberties secure. Smitten by a foe who took arms not because any right or liberty of his had been endangered, but only that he might endanger the rights and liberties of others, the dead of these battles of ours have a sweet and holy memory; for they have saved more than their country, they have befriended human nature. "Wherefore," says PERICLES in his discourse over the Peloponnesian dead, "to the parents of the dead, as many of them as are here among you, I will not offer condolence so much as consolation......For while collectively they gave the country their lives, individually they received that renown which never grows old, and the most distinguished tomb they could have; not so much that in which they are laid as that in which their glory is left behind them, to be everlastingly recorded on every occasion for doing so, either by word or deed, that may from time to time present itself."

But this universal public and private grief sees something else than blood and suffering in the great field of national glory. It will leave to those who burn orphan asylums; who ferociously slaughter the most innocent men, women, and children; who have no tear for the living death of millions, and no sigh for the awful massacres of Pillow and Wagner, to call themselves "peace" men, and to affect regret at the horrors of war. Why they should deplore the loss of life, who would willingly sell all that makes life honorable, will be always a question. Vultures and snakes will take one view of a field on which the battle of national regeneration has been fought; God and good men another.

On the 17th of June, 1775, JOSEPH WARREN, a young man who had every thing to live for, who might have had ease and quiet and "peace," if he had only counseled submission and compromise with the great British empire instead of advising a silly struggle of Yankee farmers with the trained troops of Great Britain, "after discharging his duty in the Committee of Safety resolved to take part in the battle. He was entreated by ELBRIDGE GERRY," says BANCROFT, "not thus to expose his life. 'It is pleasant and becoming to die for one's country,' was his answer." At two o'clock he crossed Bunker Hill alone with a musket in his hand. The foolish farmers were fighting instead of sending commissioners to the enemy to propose compromise. They fought until they had spent all their ammunition. They fought until they were forced back. They lost 145 killed and 304 wounded; and "just at the moment of the retreat fell JOSEPH WARREN, the last in the trenches." Did he die as the fool dieth? No, no; he died as all our brave and dear ones in the late battles, East and West, and in all the battles of this war, have died. "Sorrow could now no more come nigh him, and he went to dwell in men's memories with HAMPDEN." It is true of WARREN. It is true of every faithful brother of his who has now fallen; and it is not his wounds, his blood, his suffering, that we see, but his immortal heroism and the cause which it helps to secure.

What the President said upon the field of Gettysburg in that speech, whose rare felicity not PERICLES nor any orator ever equaled, is said by every faithful American heart as it contemplates the battle-fields of the last fortnight in Virginia and Georgia: "It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

THE EARLY HOPES OF THE REBELS.

DURING our present occupation of Fredericksburg one of our correspondents discovered in the office of the Fredericksburg *News* in that city a large number of letters written during the maturing of the great conspiracy against the Union. From these we select for present publication the two following, written by that infinite charlatan, M. F. MAURY, who, finding his efforts to "stir up" the British Government against us futile, has now returned to the head-quarters of rebellion at Richmond for further orders. The letters were addressed to ALEXANDER LITTLE, who was at that time the editor and proprietor of the *News*. They show three things: first, that the rebellion was long and carefully plotted; second, that its object was to secure the ascendency of slavery; and third, that it counted upon Northern assistance, especially from New Jersey. That little State, by the favor of Heaven and her good citizens, has kept herself unstained from all complicity in the stupendous crime. These letters show only more clearly the deadly peril which this country has escaped; and reveal the true character of those arch-criminals against their country and human nature whom the Copperheads are now anxious to propitiate after they have desolated the land with the blood of her noblest children, by conceding the very conditions which the rebels prescribed before they began the war. The man who would consent now to compromise would have heartily worked with MAURY and his masters three years ago.

How far MAURY and his fellow-conspirators were justified in their hopes of seducing New Jersey into the rebellion, may be gathered from the correspondence which took place in the spring of 1861 between Ex-Governor PRICE of New Jersey, who was one of the representatives from that State in the Peace Congress, and L. W. BURNET, Esq., of Newark. Mr. PRICE, in answering the question what ought New Jersey to do, says: "I believe the Southern Confederation permanent. The proceeding has been taken with forethought and deliberation—it is no hurried impulse, but an irrevocable act, based upon the sacred, as was supposed, 'equality of the States;' and in my opinion every Slave State will in a short period of time be found united in one Confederacy......Before that event happens we can not *act*, however much we may suffer in our material interests. It is in that contingency, then, that I answer the second part of your question—'What position for New Jersey will best accord with her interests, honor, and the patriotic instincts of her people?' I say emphatically *she should go with the South from every wise, prudential, and patriotic reason.*" Ex-Governor PRICE proceeds to say that he is confident the States of Pennsylvania and New York will "choose also to cast their lot with the South," and after them the Western and Northwestern States.

"[PRIVATE.]
"OBSERVATORY, WASHINGTON, 21*st Dec.*, 1860.

"DEAR SANDY,—FRANK MINOR tells me that the BISHOP OTEY letter has been published. Of course you will see it, and there is no occasion for my sending you my copy. See the inclosed from BRODIE HERNDON. Doesn't BRODIE know—please make him understand—that those meetings at the North who are sending Commissioners down South are, the moment they adjourn, like Macbeth's witches, thin air; that what we want is to get into communication with the people of the South in their *sovereign capacity*; and there is no way of doing this except by getting the State of New Jersey and her people to go down there in their *sovereign capacity*, and in the person of their Commissioners ask them for their proposition? I have written to Dr. CABELL to stir up ALEXANDER: you write to him as if on your own book, and get a town-meeting to encourage New Jersey to act. She has got clean hands: we'll welcome her.

"In haste, yours truly, M. F. MAURY.
"ALEXANDER LITTLE, Esq., Fredericksburg, Va."

["PRIVATE.]
"OBSERVATORY, *Jan.* 18, 1861.

"DEAR SANDY,—The OTEY letter is out of date, and the New Jersey plan is 'no go,' *I reckon*. Too much politician.

"But we must change plans as circumstances change. See my Tennessee letter, and do with it any thing you please.

"If Virginia accept the CRITTENDEN proposition, without any power of veto against sectional majorities, you and she will be in honor bound, if the North say so, to shoulder your musket and go down South to fight South Carolina and other seceding States back into the Union. Does not the North claim the power to coerce under the Constitution? Will not the North have the power to make the laws, and to make you help execute them?

"Where is the 'courageous wisdom' of Virginia now? With the CRITTENDEN and PRICE proposition alone the South is at the mercy of the North; and such a settlement can't stand.

"Don't you see, SANDY?—Suppose you make all south of 36° 30' a Slave State, won't the North have the entire control, through Congress, of the public lands there? Won't the North give them away to poor white settlers from Europe? and then you'll have a Slave State in name only. She will send to Congress worse men than Missouri and Maryland have sent.

"No, Sir. We can have, and ought to have, no settlement that is not based on the fact that the country is divided, and the Union is to be made up of *two sections*—two peoples—as antagonistic as two nations; and if you put one section at the mercy of the other, we are *obliged* to have another blow-up.

"Yours, M. F. MAURY.
"A. LITTLE, Esq., Fredericksburg, Virginia."

A FRIENDLY ACT OF DENMARK.

DURING the absorbing interest in the domestic events of the last two or three weeks, a sign of friendly regard from Denmark to this country may have been overlooked. Struggling like ourselves for national existence, and attacked by Austria and Prussia because of her declared policy of a free constitutional government, the ancient and valiant little Denmark, at the request of our Government, has permitted the Bremen and Hamburg steamers plying to New York to pass free of seizure by her cruisers, although they are the ships and the ports of an enemy. This is a most unusual act of amity, and is done by Denmark, as her Government expressly states, from her friendly feeling for this country. Nor is it likely to be soon forgotten.

The exigency of our own affairs has prevented that general attention to the Danish question, and clear apprehension of it, which in a time of peace it would certainly have received from us. But it is enough to determine our sympathies to know that liberal Denmark is attacked by reactionary and despotic Austria and Prussia. The cry of "nationality" is one by which the absolutist rulers of Germany lead the German people to a war upon free institutions; and we have now the melancholy and absurd spectacle of liberal Germans cheering an Austro-Prussian army in destroying the hope of constitutional government upon the Continent. Doubly cordial, therefore, is the grasp of the hand of friendship which Denmark stretches to us out of her cloud of war. Her fate is almost sure. The impending extinction of that old kingdom can hardly be averted. But, in some form, the spirit of Danish constitutionalism will survive and be felt in European affairs. Meanwhile the people of the United States will remember, with a gratitude which may one day be serviceable, an act so friendly in the midst of their great struggle.

AUTOGRAPH LEAVES.

WE mentioned a few weeks since the beautiful book of fac-simile autographs prepared by JOHN P. KENNEDY and Lieutenant-Colonel ALEXANDER BLISS for the Baltimore Fair. Since then it has appeared, and it is certainly one of the most unique and interesting collections possible. Every noted American author is represented by some perfectly faithful specimen of his writing, and in almost every instance by some poem, a page or pages from a familiar work. It is not often that the promise of such a book is so fully and faithfully kept, and the six dollars for which it is sold goes straight to help the soldiers. It is published, our readers will remember, for the benefit of our great national charity, the Sanitary Commission, and copies may yet be had upon application to CUSHINGS & BAILEY, Baltimore.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*May* 11. The Rev. Mr. Bowman, Methodist, was elected Chaplain. A resolution was introduced by Mr. Lane calling for an investigation, by the Committee on the Conduct of the War, into the causes of the late reverses on the Red River. Amended so as to comprehend Banks's entire administration.—A resolution was passed appropriating $30,000 for the relief of the commander, officers, and crew of the Mississippi River gun-boat *Essex*, which destroyed the rebel ram *Arkansas*, and which was commanded at that time by the late Commodore William D. Porter.—The bill to equalize the grades of naval officers was passed; as were also the bills making an appropriation for the relief of the friendly Sioux; allowing Surgeon Sharp, of the United States Army, to receive a testimonial from the English Government; providing for the better organization of the Quarter-master's Department of the army; and granting lands to Iowa for railroad purposes. The Judiciary Committee asked to be relieved from further consideration of the joint resolution to repeal the resolution which was adopted in March, 1861, to the effect that no amendment for the abolition of slavery shall be made to the Constitution.—A preamble and resolution condemning the President's action in the cases of Generals Blair and Schenck were introduced by Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, but were not disposed of.—A joint resolution providing relief for the machinery contractors of the double-ender gun-boats was adopted.—The Conference Committee's report in reference to volunteer naval officers, requiring their confirmation by the Senate, was agreed to. Without transacting further business the Senate adjourned. ——*May* 12. Mr. Wilson reported in favor of the bill to facilitate communication between the several States.—Mr. Wilson submitted the joint resolution calling for informa-

tion as to the general officers commissioned since the war, and otherwise, their birth, etc.—The bill regulating the purity of elections in the District of Columbia was called up, and discussion ensued on the amendment of Mr. Powell, to insert the word "white" before the word "male," as a qualification for an elector. No vote was taken. Adjourned to Monday, May 16.——*May* 16. A joint resolution was introduced requesting the Secretary of the Interior to make the necessary preparations for the taking of the national census in June of next year.—Bills were introduced making grants of land to Dakota and Idaho to aid in the construction of railroads, and for the relief of citizens of Denver, Colorado.—A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire if further legislation is necessary to protect passengers and seamen on board war steamers.—The resolution of Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, condemning the President's proceedings in connection with the commissions bestowed on Generals Blair and Schenck, was referred to the Judiciary Committee.—Bills were passed for the relief of the widows of Generals Edward D. Baker, E. P. Whipple, and Hiram G. Berry.—The request of the House for a conference committee on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was acceded to.—The House bill granting pre-emptions to confiscated rebel lands was referred to the Public Lands Committee.—The bill for the establishment of a line of steamers between this country and Brazil was laid over.—The bill to amend the act of December, 1861, to "promote the efficiency of the navy," regulating the retirement of naval officers, was passed.—A message from the President, communicating intelligence relative to the misunderstanding between Chile and Bolivia was received and ordered to be printed.—The bill to equalize the pay of soldiers was taken up, and some amendments to it were adopted; but the Senate adjourned without final action on it.——*May* 17. A bill to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to stipulate for the release from attachment or other process property claimed by the United States was reported with amendments.—The Chair submitted the report of the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California.—Mr. Conness called up the resolution authorizing a grant to the State of California of the lands embracing the Mariposa or Big Tree Grove.—A bill was passed equalizing the pay of soldiers in the United States army.—Mr. Anthony called up the bill to expedite the public printing, and for other purposes. The amendment that it shall be the duty of the Heads of Departments to furnish the Superintendent of Public Printing with copies of their reports on or before the third Monday in November was adopted.

House.—*May* 11. The Senate amendments to the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill were resumed. That providing for the appointment by the President of twenty-five consular pupils was agreed to; and that authorizing the raising of the grade of our representative in Belgium to that of a full minister was non-concurred in.—The joint resolution to drop from the army rolls all unemployed general officers was taken up, and after some discussion, and the offering and rejection of a few amendments, was adopted.—The Senate's amendments to the Postal Money Order System bill were concurred in.——*May* 12. The Speaker presented the resolution of the New York Chamber of Commerce, commendatory of Mr. Collins's scheme for a line of telegraph between Europe and the United States, *via* Siberia and Behring's Straits.—The bill to give soldiers and sailors homesteads on the confiscated estates of rebels was taken up and passed.—The House then resumed the consideration of the bill declaring the Camden and Atlantic and the Raritan and Delaware Bay railroads national postal and military routes. After an extended discussion a substitute for the bill was passed. This substitute provides, in effect, that every railway company in the United States whose road is operated by steam is authorized to carry over said road all freight, mails, passengers, Government supplies, and troops from one State to another, and receive compensation therefor.——*May* 13. Mr. Washburne read a dispatch, dated at the head-quarters of General Grant, detailing the brilliant successes of the Army of the Potomac. Then the Speaker read General Ingalls's telegram to Senator Nesmith. These documents were greeted with great cheering. A bill was passed to punish counterfeiting of the national coins. A resolution was reported from the Committee on Elections declaring that Mr. Yeaman is entitled to the seat for the Second Kentucky District, and that Mr. M'Henry, the contestant, is not. A bill was reported by Mr. Pendleton, from the Ways and Means Committee, for the relief of the Mercantile Mutual Insurance Company of New York, which gave rise to a long and somewhat personal debate. The object of the bill is to instruct the Secretary of the Treasury to issue Treasury notes bearing the same numbers as were borne by certain other notes, the property of the aforesaid company, which were lost at sea. The bill was finally passed, and the House adjourned till Monday.——*May* 16. Captain Reynolds's report on the exploration of the Yellowstone River was ordered to be printed. The credentials of Mr. A. A. C. Rogers, member elect from the Second District of Arkansas, were presented and referred to the Committee on Elections.—Resolutions calling for the proceedings on the trials of Robert Taylor, of Tennessee, and Commodore Wilkes were agreed to. Also a resolution requesting the Secretary of War to inform the House by what authority Brigadier-General J. M. Hubbell, Military Commandant of the City of Natchez, issued an order which forbid contrabands remaining in the City of Natchez, unless employed by some responsible white person, and forbidding any contraband from hiring or occupying any house in that city, under which regulation hundreds of the wives and children of soldiers in the field had been turned out of their homes.—A bill granting fifty million acres of land in aid of the construction of a railroad and telegraph by the northern route to the Pacific was passed. Also a bill to continue the printing of the debates in Congress.——*May* 17. The House acted on the report of the Conference Committee on the amendments to the Navy Appropriation bill.—Mr. Dawes called up the resolutions of the Committee on Elections, declaring that Messrs. Segur and Chandler are not entitled to seats in this Congress from the First and Second Districts of Virginia. The two cases being similar, the House considered them together, and by a vote of 93 against 23 adopted the resolution that neither of the contestants were entitled to seats.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On Wednesday, March 9, Ulysses S. Grant received his commission as Lieutenant-General of the Army. Hitherto he had been known as the great General of the West—the hero of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga—the hero of wingless victory. The South declared him conqueror in virtue of his blunders—at the North his blunders were glorified; the South said all his strategy consisted in outnumbering the enemy—the North rejoiced that sufficient strategy had been developed in any of its generals to make even numbers available: and in a fortunate moment Congress and the President made him Lieutenant-General. Then the Confederacy professed itself jubilant over the prospect of Grant's having to meet Lee—the Unionists, on the other hand, contemplated with considerable satisfaction the prospect of Lee's having to meet Grant. Nor did the Lieutenant-General shrink from that conflict, but from the moment of receiving his commission transferred his personal presence to the Army of the Potomac, leaving Sherman as his vicegerent to carry out the Western campaign. During the season unfavorable for active operations he promptly reinforced and judiciously reorganized Meade's army, and formed his plans for the most momentous campaign in American history.

Warren, Sedgwick, and Hancock were made the corps commanders of Meade's army, with subordinate officers not only carefully selected but wisely distributed, so that the entire Army of the Potomac became as harmonious as it was efficient: to Burnside was given a separate army corps: and Butler at Fortress Monroe was reinforced by the Tenth Corps from Charleston under Gillmore, and the Eighteenth from the West under "Baldy" Smith.

On Wednesday, May 4, just eight weeks from the day Grant received his commission, his two grand columns were ready to move—the one well in hand on the north bank of the Rapidan, seventy miles north of Richmond, and the other at Fortress Monroe, one day's sail from Richmond on the James.

CROSSING THE RAPIDAN.

Our army at Culpepper broke camp on Tuesday, May 3, and made preparations to advance with six days' rations in light marching order. In the afternoon Gregg's and Wilson's cavalry opened the way to Germanna and Ely's Fords—the former twelve and the latter eighteen miles from Culpepper—and at midnight Hancock's corps left camp on the road to Ely's Ford, and Warren, closely followed by Sedgwick, on the road to Germanna. Wednesday morning, preceded by the cavalry, who drive in the enemy's pickets and then proceed to reconnoitre the roads toward Fredericksburg and southward, Hancock and Warren commence the crossing of the Rapidan, the points of their arrival on the south bank being six miles apart. At nightfall the whole army, with the exception of Burnside's corps, is across; Hancock having his head-quarters at Chancellorsville, his line extending back to the river; and Warren at Wilderness Tavern, with Sedgwick's corps in his rear stretching back to Germanna Ford. The position thus taken by the Federal army flanked the enemy on the east; Grant's reason for turning this flank rather than the other being, that on this side he would be able at the various stages of his progress to keep open his communications by water.

THE BATTLES IN THE WILDERNESS.

There is good evidence that Grant's movement across the Rapidan surprised General Lee. Unless the rebel army can, with an almost marvelous rapidity of motion, get into a position on the front and southward of Meade's army, the latter will inevitably reach its rear, and compel Lee to fight a battle with his communications cut off—a battle in which, if he is beaten, the disaster is irretrievable and decisive of the campaign. Lee succeeded in gaining this position, and in so doing compelled General Grant to fight him at a disadvantage. For the position held by Grant on Thursday morning was most unfavorable for an engagement. The ground was rolling and covered with dense thickets of dwarf pines and chaparral, so that artillery would have to be dispensed with on either side. A great portion of the Federal army had not yet come up so as to be immediately available; Burnside was away, and the trains of supplies were only partly across the river. Lee had no impediment except the nature of the ground, which was common to both armies, and the absence of Longstreet's corps. He was familiar with the field; which gave him the all-important advantage of being able to move by the shortest and easiest routes, and thus by rapidity of movement be able always to anticipate attack, keeping Grant on the defensive. Lee made the most of this advantage.

The order of the day for Thursday was to have been for Hancock to march down southwesterly from Chancellorsville to Shady Grove, to connect on Warren's left, who was also to advance to Parker's Store, five miles toward Mine Run: Sedgwick was to move up and take Warren's abandoned position. This would have given Grant a line running almost directly north and south from Germanna Ford to within a short distance of Spottsylvania Court House, the occupation of which would have followed, giving Grant a favorable position commanding the direct route to Richmond. But this plan was only partially carried out, on account of the presence of the enemy on the right centre, reported after the march had commenced. Warren had reached a position near Parker's Store, when the menaced attack on his right led to an order recalling Hancock to fill the gap between him and Warren's left.

Already the cavalry advance with two infantry regiments have been driven back, and at noon Griffin's division is engaged on the plank road, and shortly afterward Neill's and Upton's brigades of Sedgwick's corps further to the right. On the plank road Warren comes up, and takes the command in person; Bartlett's and Ayre's brigades are ordered to advance up the road to the right and left, supported by Sweetzer. But the enemy is in great force, and Griffin's division is borne back, when it is relieved by Wadsworth and Robinson. Sedgwick also is so hard pressed that he sends a dispatch to Burnside, who has just crossed, for reinforcements, which Grant withholds. But, after severe fighting for over two hours, the Confederates are driven back, and Sedgwick, sending Getty's division to guard the left centre, presses hard against the enemy on the right, while Warren holds fast his former position. The enemy have retired from the right only to reappear at 3 o'clock in a concentrated attack on the left. Hancock has only brought up Mott's brigade to Getty's left in time to save his corps from disaster; and Mott and Getty hold the enemy until Hancock's remaining force is brought up, under Barlow, Birney, and Gibbon.

The engagement lasts two hours: Hays is killed, and Webb is wounded; but reinforcements come up from Warren; Sedgwick presses on the right; and an advance is made along the whole line, before which the Confederates are driven back.

During the day earth-works have been thrown up, and these are strengthened during the night. Friday morning the position was that of the previous night. Each army seemed eager to anticipate the other's attack. The Federal army was to advance at 5 A.M. At 4.45 Sedgwick's right was attacked, Seymour's provisional division (from Florida) and Wright's meeting and repulsing the Confederate columns. In the mean while Hancock, in pursuance of the programme laid out for the day, gained ground on the enemy's left, pushing it back two miles, and capturing a line of rifle-pits, with five colors. Warren also gained ground; but this advance of the Second and Fifth corps was soon checked by a long line of swamp in front commanded by rifle-pits on the other side. Two assaults were made against this position toward the centre. General Wadsworth, leading in one of these, was killed, falling into the hands of the enemy. Finally Hancock, for want of ammunition, is obliged to retire about noon.

The gap which yesterday intervened between Hancock and Warren is still open, General Burnside who was to have filled it being still held in reserve, probably to guard the trains in the event of a Confederate success on the right. Lee, after the attack on Grant's right has been repulsed, concentrates his entire force against this point, and Hancock is in danger of being surrounded. Colonel Frank's brigade (of Barlow's division) holding the extreme left is borne back, and the whole line retires to its entrenchments. The greater portion of Burnside's corps is brought up to a position between Warren and Hancock, and the latter is drawn up nearer to Warren.

In the middle of the afternoon Longstreet arrives on the field, and, joining Hill, attacks the left and centre at their junctions, the brunt of the assault being borne by Crawford's, Carr's, and Stevenson's divisions. The attack was made in four lines. Stevenson gives way, then Crawford and Carr. At this juncture Hancock sends Colonel Carroll (commanding Third Brigade, Second Division) to attack the enemy in flank. This manœuvre is successful in forcing the enemy back; and it is supposed that the battle is over for the day. But just at dusk, while Sedgwick's men are engaged in the intrenchments, Lee's army having gathered itself up for a desperate blow attacks the left. Seymour and a number of his division are captured; Shaler also is captured, and so great is the apprehension for the safety of the Federal supply trains that artillery is posted to bear upon the Confederate advance in that direction. But the exhaustion of Lee's army by so much marching and fighting, together with the lateness of the hour, prevents him from reaping the fruits of this marked success, both armies sleeping on their arms—a scene which our artist has depicted on pages 344 and 345.

LEE'S CHANGE OF POSITION.

On Saturday there was no engagement, but skirmishes along the line clearly discovered that the position of Lee's army was materially changed. This might have been expected, as it was evidently Lee's policy—the only safe one for him to adopt—to head off Grant on the Fredericksburg road to Richmond. This led the Confederate General to take up a new line on the Po. On Saturday he was making preparations. In the afternoon a cavalry battle was fought near Todd's Tavern, in which Custer, Gregg, Merritt, and Davis were engaged, with no decisive result. These cavalry forces had been keeping the way open for the advance of the Federals toward Spottsylvania Court House, which had been our original goal, and which it was now the important object of either army to hold in force. The day was necessarily exhausted in preparations on both sides. In the evening the Twenty-Second Cavalry occupied Fredericksburg, which was held as a station for the accumulation of stores and for hospital purposes.

At ten o'clock Saturday night Longstreet left the old field, and Hancock just an hour after; and the two armies were on a race, by roads nearly parallel, to the Court House. The Confederate army having the start and the interior route, came out ahead. Early the next day the Federal advance was within two and one half miles of the Court House when Robinson's Division, with Bartlett's Brigade on the right, attacked Longstreet, under the mistaken notion that they were moving against cavalry. This force was terribly broken up. The First Michigan, out of one hundred men, brought off only twenty-four after a fifteen minutes' fight. Crawford's and (the late) Wadsworth's divisions come up, and the fighting was maintained, Rittenhouse's battery supporting the Federal attack, until noon, when an open space was gained. General Robinson was wounded.

Sunday evening the Confederates were again attacked by Crawford's and Getty's divisions; one line of breast-works was carried, and a hundred prisoners taken. Although there was no general battle, the Federal loss was about fifteen hundred.

Monday the rations of the soldiers being exhausted, they were replenished from the trains, and the troops were allowed to rest during the day. A change was made in the Federal line—Hancock being transferred to the right, and Sedgwick to the left. Early in the afternoon an attack was made, though unsuccessful, on Wilcox's Division (Ninth Corps), as Burnside's forces were engaged in skirmishing on the extreme left. Late in the day Grant ordered an advance, and Hancock threw Barlow, Birney, Gibbon, and Carrol over a branch of the Po, and moved against the enemy's left.

BATTLES ON THE PO.

The line of the Federal army on Tuesday extended over six miles in the form of a crescent, the horns pointed toward the enemy. The latter holding Spottsylvania Court House, had his left wing resting on the Ny River, north of the Po (a tributary of the Ny), opposite Burnside, and his right opposite Hancock on Glady Run. His centre was advanced and on commanding ground. Wright's (formerly Sedgwick's) corps faced the Court House, at Burnside's right, both corps being supported by Arnold's, Rodgers's, and Sleeper's batteries, while Meade's, Martin's, and others, covered the right. The position resembled that held by the two armies at Gettysburg, only this time the advantage of position was decidedly in favor of the Confederates.

Early in the day a furious cannonade was opened on the enemy's position preparatory to a general attack, which had been ordered to be made along the line, but especially at the centre. For this purpose Birney, Gibbon, and Mott were withdrawn from the advanced position on the right, which was now held by Barlow alone. Wadsworth's and Robinson's divisions led the attack on the centre through the woods, the enemy shelling the latter from his intrenchments. Pressing up close to the breast-works an attempt was made to carry the rifle-pits, but in vain. Gibbon and Carroll, participating in this attack, suffered seriously, the latter losing 800 men. General Rice was killed here.

The enemy, taking advantage of Barlow's isolated position, attacked him in great force and drove him back; but assistance came from the east side of the river and he was brought over.

In the evening Grant attacked again, preceding the assault as before by a heavy cannonade. Upton's brigade of Wright's corps led in this attack, accompanied by Russell's, moving forward without firing, under a murderous fire themselves, scaling the enemy's works and capturing several hundred of the enemy and three guns. Too far in the advance, Upton was forced to fall back. The assault thus begun continued until night closed on results as indecisive as those already gained. Robinson's division lost over 2500 men.

Wednesday morning opened quietly; and the Lieutenant-General sent his first dispatch. He says:

"We have now ended the sixth day of very heavy fighting. The result to this time is much in our favor. Our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater. We have taken over 5000 prisoners in battle, while he has taken from us but few except stragglers. I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."

Toward noon our line was advanced, and there was considerable skirmishing. It is reported that Lee asked a truce for forty-eight hours to bury his dead and take care of his wounded. Grant refused, and said that he himself would take all possible care of the dead and wounded of both sides within his lines.

During Wednesday night Hancock moved around to a position between Wright and Burnside, and the dawn of Thursday found his men face to face with Major-General E. Johnston's division. One charge and the works were gained and the entire division captured. Johnston confirmed the report that Longstreet was severely wounded.

Toward noon the whole line was engaged, Burnside and Hancock on the left, Wright and Warren on the right. General Grant penned the following dispatch at the close of the day:

"The eighth day of battle closes, leaving between three and four thousand prisoners in our hands for the day's work, including two General officers, and over thirty pieces of artillery. The enemy are obstinate, and seem to have found the last ditch. We have lost no organization, not even a company, while we have destroyed and captured one division (Johnston's), one brigade (Dobbs's), and one regiment entire of the enemy."

General Meade at the same time issued the following address to his soldiers:

"Soldiers!—The moment has arrived when your Commanding-General feels authorized to address you in terms of congratulation.

"For eight days and nights, almost without intermission, in rain and sunshine, you have been gallantly fighting a desperate foe, in positions naturally strong, and rendered doubly so by intrenchments.

"You have compelled him to abandon his fortifications on the Rapidan, to retire and attempt to stop your onward progress, and now he has abandoned the last intrenched position so tenaciously held, suffering in all a loss of eighteen guns, twenty-two colors, and eight thousand prisoners, including two General officers.

"Your heroic deeds, and noble endurance of fatigue and privation, will ever be memorable. Let us return thanks to God for the mercy thus shown us, and ask earnestly for its continuance.

"Soldiers! Your work is not yet over. The enemy must be pursued, and, if possible, overcome. The courage and fortitude you have displayed renders your Commanding General confident that your future efforts will result in success.

"While we mourn the loss of many gallant comrades, let us remember that the enemy must have suffered equal if not greater losses.

"We shall soon receive reinforcements which he can not expect.

"Let us determine then to continue vigorously the work so well begun, and under God's blessing in a short time the object of our labors will be accomplished.

"George G. Meade,
"Major-General Commanding."

On Friday Hancock's advance discovered another change in Lee's position, due probably to the advantage gained on the previous day by General Grant on his right. On Thursday Carroll, one of the bravest officers of Hancock's corps, was severely wounded.

SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY RAID.

On Monday, May 9, General Sheridan marched around the enemy's right flank, and reached the North Anna River in the evening. He there destroyed the Confederate dépôt of supplies at Beaver Dam, three large trains of cars, and a hundred besides, two fine locomotives, 200,000 pounds of bacon and other stores, amounting in all to a million and a half of rations, also the telegraph wire and railroad for ten miles with several culverts; he recaptured 378 of our men, including several officers.

Tuesday he crossed the South Anna, and on Wednesday captured Ashland station, a locomotive with a train of cars, some Government buildings with stores, and six miles of railroad, including three culverts, two trestle bridges, and the telegraph wire. After this he set out for Richmond, and finding a Confederate cavalry force at Yellow Tavern, he made an attack, capturing two pieces of artillery, and driving the enemy. The Confederate force was commanded by General J. E. B. Stuart, who was killed in the engagement. In the mean while a party charged down the Brock road and took the first line of works around Richmond. After some skirmishing Friday found him at Bottom's Bridge, having lost somewhat over 300 men. The Virginia Central Railroad bridges over the Chickahominy were destroyed. At 3 o'clock on Saturday Sheridan reached Turkey Island and joined General Butler.

BUTLER'S COLUMNS.

General Butler, having made a feint of landing at West Point which completely deceived the enemy, proceeded on the 5th of May with his fleet of gun-boats and transports, and the Tenth and Eighteenth Army corps, up the James River, landing at Wilson's Wharf a regiment of Wild's negro troops, and two brigades of the same color at Fort Powhatan; thence up to City Point, where Hinks's division was landed; and at Bermuda Hundred, just below the mouth of the Appomattox, the entire army was disembarked. The gun-boats and Monitors went before the fleet, and crossed the bar at Harrison's Landing.

On the 7th five brigades, under General Brooks, struck for the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, which, after a severe encounter with the enemy, they succeeded in cutting; a bridge on the road was destroyed seven miles north of Petersburg.

In the mean while General Kautz with 3000 cavalry burned the railroad bridge at Stony Point, cutting Beauregard's army in two. Kautz has also cut the Danville Railroad. On the 9th a portion of Beauregard's army was met and driven from their intrenchments.

After intrenching himself Butler closed about the defenses of Fort Darling at Drury's Bluff and carried a portion of the earth-works. The latest dispatches bring information of successful assaults made by Gillmore and Smith.

The *Commodore Jones*, one of the smaller gun-boats, was destroyed on the 6th by a torpedo. This incident is illustrated by our artist on page 348. Two other small gun-boats were destroyed by explosion.

GENERAL SIGEL'S MOVEMENTS.

The movements of Sigel's column has been shrouded in some mystery. It was supposed that his mission contemplated a move on Lynchburg, but he was heard from at Woodstock in the Shenandoah, too far north for any direct co-operative movement. At the latest advice he had fought a battle on Sunday, the 15th, with Imboden at New Market, in which his own loss was 600 and that of the rebels 1000. Sigel lost five pieces of artillery and retreated across the Shenandoah and fell back on Strasburg, thirty miles further north and a little above the latitude of Manassas.

SHERMAN'S ADVANCE.

Sherman, simultaneously with Grant's advance Richmondward, moved on Dalton in three columns; Thomas in front, Schofield from Cleveland on the northeast, while M'Pherson threw himself on the line of communication southwest at Resaca, fifteen miles south of Dalton. On Saturday, the 7th, Thomas occupied Tunnel Hill, ten miles northwest of Dalton, and took up a strong position at Buzzard's Roost. By the flank movement on Resaca Johnston was forced to evacuate Dalton. On Sunday, the 15th, a battle was fought at Resaca, in which Sherman states his losses to have been 3000.

Sherman captured Resaca on Monday, the 16th, with 10 guns and 1200 prisoners, and expected that evening to reach Kingston, whither Johnston had retreated. Kilpatrick had been wounded.

THE SOUTHWEST.

Admiral Porter, at late advices, was at Alexandria. A large force was engaged in damming up the river so as to give sufficient depth to allow the gun-boats to pass over. General Grover was in command there. No communication was opened with the army at Grand Ecore. M'Clernand was at New Orleans to reinforce Banks, and Smith was to return to Vicksburg. From the latter place an expedition was being fitted out to move on Yazoo City, where were the rebel Generals Lee, Ross, and Adams. This expedition, under the command of General M'Arthur, has succeeded in capturing Yazoo City. Sturgis had not overtaken Forrest.

In Arkansas Steele was confident of maintaining his position on the Arkansas River, although Kirby Smith was menacing Pine Bluff. If the rebels should be able to cross the Arkansas, Steele's communications on the White River will be imperiled.

THE ATLANTIC COAST.

The rebel forces in North Carolina are being withdrawn into Virginia. General Palmer commands at Newbern. Our fleet have again opened upon the rebel forts and batteries on James and Sullivan's Island, Charleston.

About 9.30 A.M. on Monday last, May 9, the *Harriet A. Weed*, army transport, armed with two guns, was blown up and sunk by collision with two torpedoes in the St. John's River, off Cedar Creek, not far from the military post at Yellow Bluff, about ten miles from Jacksonville.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

The Secretary of War has issued an important order with regard to prisoners, stating that as it has been officially reported that Mr. Ould, Rebel Commissioner of Exchange, has declared, without consulting with the authorities of the United States, that all rebel prisoners delivered at City Point up to the 20th of April were exchanged, it is ordered that all Union prisoners of war and all civilians on parole prior to May 7, 1864, be declared exchanged. The order further states that the rebels still remain indebted to the Union Government 33,596 prisoners, for whom no equivalent has been received.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN WAR.

The Schleswig-Holstein war still continues notwithstanding the Conference. There are indications that the Danes will evacuate Alsen. The Prussians have again advanced into Jutland, and on April 23 were just south of Aarhus. They have also occupied Fredericia. Austria is sending a powerful naval force to the Baltic. The Danish authorities have pledged themselves not to disturb German vessels carrying the United States mails.

On May 5 three or four Austrian ships of war had arrived in the Downs, and others were on their way. The English Channel fleet is also in the Downs. It was reported that a French fleet would soon join the others, but the *Moniteur* of Paris declared that if this were done it would be only for the purpose of supporting the demand for an armistice.

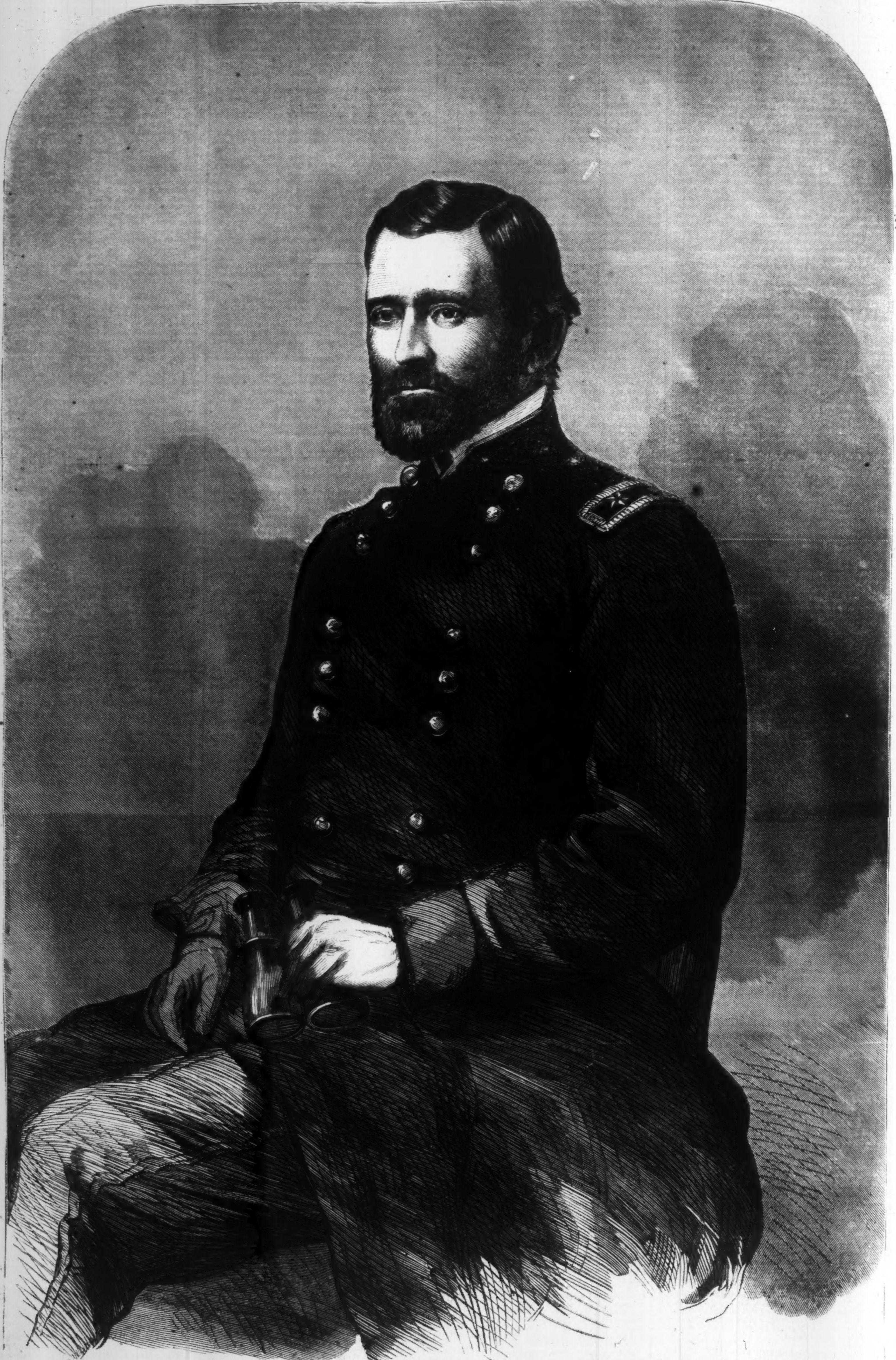
The London Conference met again, May 4, but accomplished nothing. The demand made by the neutral Powers for an armistice has been referred by the representatives of the belligerent Powers to their Governments for instructions. Another meeting was to take place on the 9th of May. Prussia and Austria offered to accept the armistice, and to evacuate Jutland, if the Danes will raise the blockade, return the captured ships, and evacuate the Island of Alsen. The Prussian and Austrian troops have now taken possession of all Jutland except that part north of Liim Forth.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

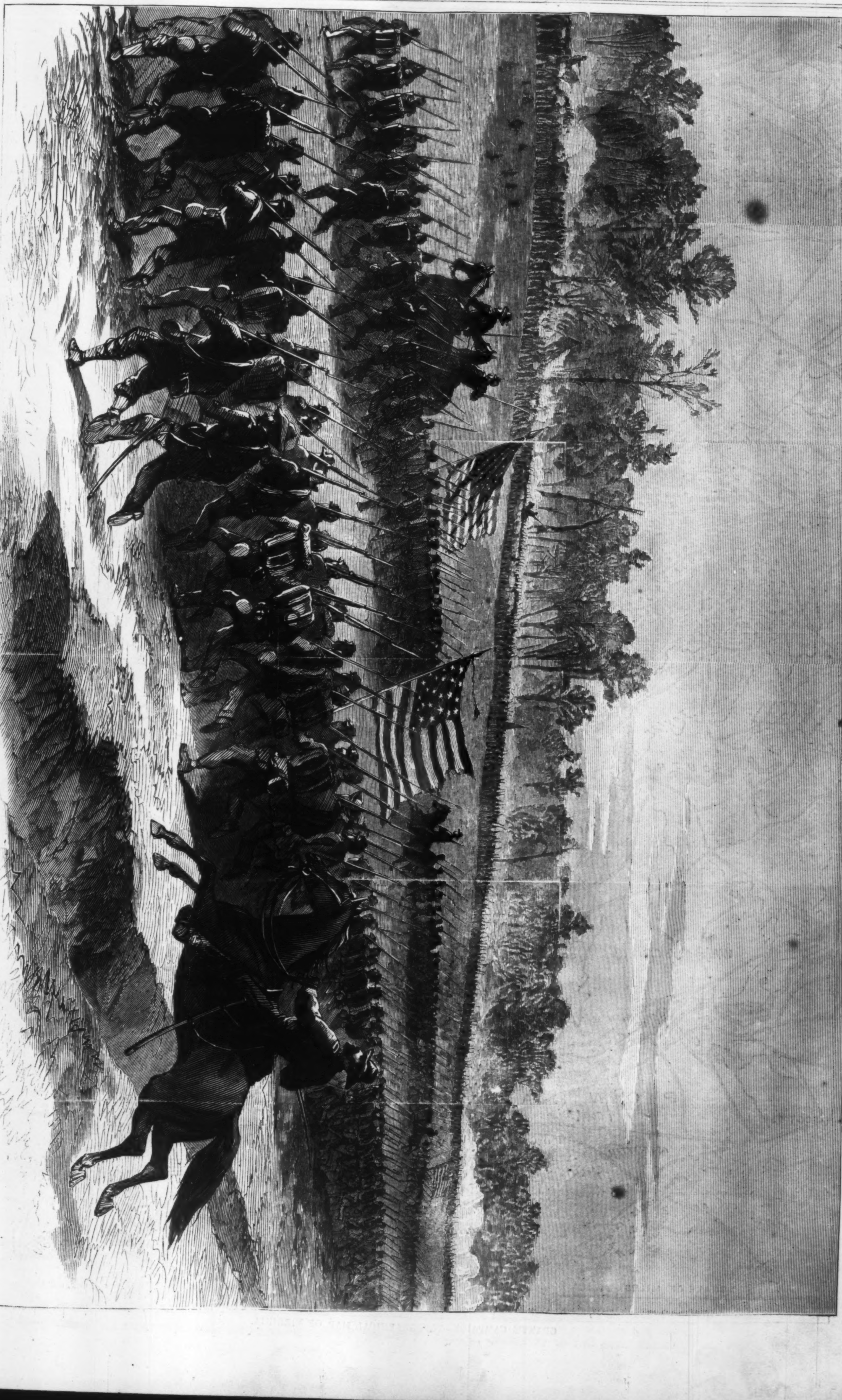
The English Government declines to accede to the pressure for a Conference on American affairs. In regard to the *Tuscaloosa*, the Attorney-General has declared in the House of Commons that the Government must regard her as an uncondemned prize. The resolution moved by Mr. Peacock, "that the instructions contained in the Duke of Newcastle's dispatch of the 4th of November, 1863, to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope, are at variance with the principles of international law," was rejected by 219 against 185 votes—a Ministerial majority of 34. Earl Russell, in a speech in the House of Lords, contended that it was owing to the vigilance of the Government that the Lairds had not plunged England into a war with the United States. Earl Russell expressed the earnest hope that the war would result in the final destruction of slavery.

An address of the Pope to the Archduke Maximilian is published. He recommends to him, in particular, to defend the rights of the Church.

Mr. Seward had given to the French Cabinet explanations concerning the resolution of the House of Representatives at Washington on Mexico. The explanations of Mr. Seward were regarded in Paris as entirely satisfactory.



"We have now ended the Sixth Day of very hard Fighting. I propose to Fight it out on this Line, if it takes all Summer."—*U. S. Grant.*



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—BARTLETT'S BRIGADE OF WARREN'S CORPS CHARGING THE ENEMY.—[SEE PAGE 339.]

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF VIRGINIA.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

"The wilderness shall bloom."—*Bible.*

VICTORY! shout for victory
On the battle-field again;
For the bloom of the Wilderness
Glory to God! Amen!

Victory! shout for victory,
Though tears for such bloom may flow;
Only by Death's dark roses
The lilies of peace shall grow.

Victory! shout for victory
With a million-throated voice;
For the bloom of the Wilderness
Let a nation's heart rejoice.

Victory! shout for victory,
And the men who bade it grow,
From the bloom of the Wilderness
To the fruitage of the Po.

Victory! shout for victory
To Freedom, for in the flowers
That have so purpled the Wilderness
Has blossomed its hope and ours.

Victory! shout for victory,
That flashes a morning light
From the bloom of the Wilderness
Far into the years of right.

Victory! shout for victory
On the battle-field again;
For the bloom of the Wilderness
Glory to God! Amen!

MAY FLOWERS.

A SOLITARY little figure climbing up a long hill in the gray morning mist. A New England country girl, with all the faults which sprout in New England air. Too much soul and too little body; thoughtful, questioning, skeptical possibly, nervous, and shy—yet a true woman at heart, full of latent courage and heroism, the possibilities of good and great things. This was Ruth Hanson.

She had come out in the early morning, goaded by some restless impulse of dissatisfaction that would not let her be quiet. She was an only child; sole darling of Deacon John Hanson and Hannah his wife. She had known little enough of poverty, or hard work, or any of the real trials of life, and yet she suffered keenly. You have seen such natures—so deep, that those who live with them day after day and year after year never understand their secret—so pure, that the angels, who pity from on high their outspoken longing, see nothing in them for which to blush—ready to do right, laboring patiently at little daily tasks and yet wild with secret pain and passion, tired in patience of the present, and frenzied thirst to drink of other fountains.

She walked up the hill without pause, though she panted for breath, and a sharp pain came in her side. When she reached the top she stood still. She took off her hood, and the spring morning air caressed her. She was no beauty, and yet she looked more than pretty, with the faint color, pure and pink as dawn-light, breaking into her cheeks; her features full of meaning, and the whole longing of her soul speaking through her gray, tearful eyes. You would have said she had a dangerous nature, looking at her in this moment of revelation—dangerous as much in its capacity to enjoy as to suffer, and yet capable of grand developments. A pure, delicate, dainty soul, that somehow always made one think of the faint pink bloom and subtle fragrance of the trailing arbutus. She looked afar over field and hill, and drew a long breath before she spoke—talking to herself, as she had learned to do in default of other companionship—

"What a great, wide world! There must be stir and life enough somewhere. It can not be all like the days here. Breakfast, dinner, and supper, and dishes to wash three times a day. Oh if I were a man! If I could fight or die! Any thing that was struggle and aspiration—that took me higher!"

You will perceive that she had known little about love. That would have taught her contentment with her lot—duties done for the sake of another would have seemed no longer trifling or ignoble. Nor yet had her experience of life been deep enough to learn that true glory lies not in the work itself but in the spirit of its doing. This is no easy lesson, and yet it is the one Heaven is teaching us all our lives, often soever as we may turn away from it. It is quality, not quantity, by which God judges. Is it not worthier to have kindled in one's soul the flame of immortal truth than to have discovered the far-off shining of many planets?

But Ruth Hanson was only seventeen.

She grew happier as she looked, for the growing spring morning stole tenderly into her heart. She caught the scent of opening buds. She heard the song of a few early birds, sweet new-comers. She saw the gray mist, touched by sun-rays keen as arrow-points, roll goldenly away, and give to view fields and hills green with the springing grass. Afar off the sea glittered with the silvery morning sheen, and blent its low, deep-toned bass in the morning anthem. Her young pulses thrilled to the young year and day, and her face wore a look of natural, healthful joy, as she turned it at the sound of a coming footstep.

A young man had come up the hill from the other side, and now stopped to speak to her. His hands were full of the trailing arbutus blossoms, and he reached them out toward her.

"Oh, May flowers! the first I have seen this year."

"Will you have them? I think they belong to you."

"They ought—I love them so;" and she took them tenderly, as she would have touched a child or a bird. Robert Crandall looked at her, silent with pleasure. It was plain enough to see where his heart was—that to him that little New England girl, with her gray, tender eyes and her thoughtful face, was the one woman elect out of the universe. He never said much to her. Ready enough to talk elsewhere, with her he was shy. If he was ever awkward and diffident it was in her presence. She liked him thoroughly. He was her best friend—good, generous, warm-hearted, always ready to pleasure her. It was not strange if she was woman enough to tyrannize over him a little. She was cool and self-possessed as she fastened her flowers in her bosom, while he stood beside her, half-trembling with bashful satisfaction.

Perhaps she cared more about him than she had ever guessed; but his goodness to her, his patience with her wayward ways, were so much a part of her wonted life that she forgot to value them, as we forget to value sunshine. She talked to him, however, more freely than to almost any one else. She saw a paper just peeping out of his pocket, and that turned her thoughts from her flowers and the radiant new morning in quite another direction.

"Any news, Robert, any good news?" with an anxious, questioning face.

"Not yet—not to-day."

"And the war has lasted a year already. It will be a hard struggle. If I were only a man!"

"Would you go?"

"Oh, would I not? It would give me just what I long for—a career, a work. It is such miserable weariness to sit here and hark to the martial music from afar, and listen to the cry of a great nation's need, bound down by womanhood, tied hand and foot by custom—"

"And want of strength," interrupted Robert, dryly. "I think the first twenty miles' march would cool down your enthusiasm considerably."

He smiled as he spoke and blushed afterward. He, a man, had not done what even this girl longed to do. Perhaps if he had loved her less he would have gone away sooner; but he had been waiting with some vague, blind hope that she would care more about him some day. Had he been losing instead of winning her by this waiting? She, meantime, had been going on with her own thoughts.

"Yes," she said, slowly, "I suppose I could not do it—but if I could!"

She walked down the hill then, silently. Perhaps she scarcely noticed that he walked beside her, for she spoke to him no more. At the gate she paused, however, and made him rich by a smile as she touched her flowers:

"You were good to bring them; they will be company for me all day."

She did not see him again for a week, nor did she think much about him. Hers was a nature over which love, when its time came, would rule with absolute sovereignty; but its time had not come yet. So she dreamed, and wished, and fancied, doing her light tasks with half unconscious fingers. It was the eighth morning that she saw Robert Crandall waiting at the gate, when she went out, as she did so often, to meet the day upon the hill-top. After a few words of greeting he walked on by her side. She had not fairly looked at him until they had reached the brow of the hill. Then something in his face, a look of mute anguish, struck her.

"What is it, Robert?" she asked, with quick sympathy.

"Nothing, Ruth, only I am going, and I wish I could think you would miss me a little."

"Going!"

"Yes, to do what you would do in my place—what you wished you could do even now. I suppose I have seemed to you like a pitiful coward for not going before."

Then when she began to praise him he uttered a quick disclaimer:

"It is your doing. I am your soldier. I go to-day."

He did not tell her even then that he loved her. Yet, if her eyes were not blind, she must have read it in the unspoken pain which whitened his face when he bade her good-by. When he walked away she stood watching him. Turning, after a few steps, he saw her, and came hurriedly back.

"Do you care? Oh, Ruth, do you care?"

"How could I help caring? You have been my best friend always."

Perhaps the answer lacked something he had hoped for. He walked on again, with the heavy shadow of pain settling back upon his face, and she went into the house, saddened by his loss, and touched all the more because he had gone at her bidding.

As day after day passed these feelings grew on her. Unconsciously he began to be in all her thoughts. If she dreamed of heroes, he had become one in her eyes; and her cheek flushed with pride at the thought that she had sent him forth to the fray. If she had never loved him before, or if she had loved him and never known it, a vague, sweet consciousness of what it would be possible to feel for him began to spring up in her heart. Before she was aware of it her prayers for him had grown to be the most fervent language of her soul, his name the most intimate voice of her being. But no one knew it. She scarcely knew it herself. She was more cheerful instead of less so. She had such faith in his courage that she scarcely feared harm would touch him; and she was no longer discontented with life, now that he was doing her world's work for her. Battles and rumors of battles scarcely disturbed her. She had a sort of faith that he would come out of them scathless; and even if he should die, she remembered the glory of a soldier's death, and only dimly realized as yet how empty the world would be without him.

She began to understand this last better, one wild March day, when her father came home and told her that Neighbor Crandall's Robert had come back from the war sick, and the village doctor thought he was going to have typhus fever.

"It will go hard with him, I'm fearful," the Deacon added, thoughtfully. "Those fevers they bring back from the camps ain't the common kind. Nine times out o' ten they're fatal."

A pang keen as a sword-thrust pierced Ruth's heart. She knew instantly what those words meant for her—how fatal indeed would be such a loss. With the thought of his danger came the remembrance that he had no one to care for him as she would care. His own mother was dead. His step-mother would give him the tending of duty, not love. Perhaps they would let him die, when she could save his life. She took her resolution instantly. Standing before her father and mother, where they sat side by side, she said, very calmly,

"He would not have gone to the war but for me. I sent him. He called himself my soldier. I am going, therefore, to take care of him through this sickness. It is right."

"Daughter, it is impossible." The Deacon's voice was firm. "You can not. Do you think we could risk your taking the fever, and leaving us, your mother and me, alone in our old age?"

Her face grew white, but her voice did not tremble. She knelt before them, as she had done so often to say her prayers when she was a little child, and looked at them with eyes full of tears.

"I am sorry, but I *must* do it. All my life I have been your dutiful daughter. I think, since I was old enough to know right from wrong, I have never disobeyed either of you before; but whether you give me leave or not I must take my own course now. Pity me, mother—I love Robert Crandall, and he loves me. If he is going to die I do not want to live. You and father have still each other."

Mrs. Hanson looked in her child's eyes, then at her husband.

"Let her go, father," she said, gently. "We have no right to hold her back. If it had been you, thirty years ago, do you think I could have staid away?"

Deacon Hanson bowed his head on his hands with a bitter groan.

"Do as you will," he cried, "as you will; but her brothers and her sisters are in the grave-yard under the hill, and she is my one ewe lamb."

When Ruth Hanson entered the house where Robert Crandall lay she could hear him calling passionately for her. Pausing in the entry, she heard his words—

"I went for your sake, little Ruth. You sent me, and now you won't come nigh me."

"He is out of his head," his step-mother said, meeting her as she passed through the kitchen. "He's pretty sick. It's a chance, I tell 'em, if he ever gets any better."

"I have come to help you nurse him, Mrs. Crandall. He and I were old friends, you know."

Mrs. Crandell's eyes twinkled, in the midst of her honest anxiety for her step-son, with the pleasureable excitement of having discovered a secret. She nodded her head.

"Yes, I know. He's been calling for you. Chance, though, if he knows you."

Ruth went in. The eyes, fierce with fever, turned on her inquiringly for a moment, then roved vacantly away again, and the voice cried, querulously,

"Why don't Ruth come? It was easy enough to send me off, but now I'm in trouble, and where's she?"

"Here, Robert," and she touched his hot brow with her little cool hands. "Here I am—come to stay with you, to take care of you. Surely you know Ruth."

She succeeded in arousing his attention for the moment, but there was no recognition in his eyes.

"You're very good," he said; "but you are not Ruth—not my little Ruth."

Three weeks came after that, weeks of incessant anxiety and little hope. Without even the reward of a moment of recognition Ruth tended him night and day. If ever he got well again, Dr. Milès said, she would have saved his life. But oh what weary, weary days of watching and waiting!

At last the suspense was over. Sleep came, a long, quiet sleep, and after it the awakening to consciousness, to hope, to life. Then he saw Ruth bending over his bedside and knew her.

"My love, my darling!" whispered his faint, weak tones. "You have been tending me—you are *my* Ruth—is it not so?"

She bent over him, and answered him with the thrilling tenderness of her kiss. Then she slid to the floor weak and helpless, fainting, they thought, from utter weariness.

But when her eyes opened again they were wild and bright with fever. She had struggled, during those weeks of anxiety for him, against every symptom of disease—kept under every indication of suffering, scarcely herself recognizing their presence. The moment the overwhelming pressure of anxiety was over the repressed malady took full possession of her. The attack was all the more fierce and terrible for the force which had kept it back so long.

She could not even be moved home, so her father and mother came there and tended her. It was pitiful to see their anguish as they bent over their darling. After a while Robert Crandall grew strong enough to steal like a wan ghost into the room where his little Ruth lay, and wait beside those two old people for the crisis which was to blight or bless his life. Night and day, through the April sun and shower, there those three lingered. For them was no spring sunshine or voice of birds. Scarcely they knew, save by the lighting of the lamps, whether it were night or day—those white-haired parents watching over their only child, that young man over his bride.

How shall I tell the sad story? For her, indeed, came also a waking from sleep, from the delirium of fever; but the light of reason shone from dying eyes. She had been slight and delicate always, and she had no strength to sustain her through a crisis so terrible. She knew herself, as soon as any one else, that her time had come. There was one sore pang at her heart as her eyes fell on Robert Crandall's face, and she said, with a quiver of pain in her low voice,

"I should have liked to live to make you happy. Do not forget me when I am gone. Remember that I loved you. It is hard to part, but the life to come will be long—surely we shall meet again there! It will be hardest for you. But you must do *my* duty for me. Father, mother, you must never call yourselves childless. Love Robert."

She had tender parting words, fond lingering caresses for all three; but it was on Robert's heart that her head lay last, his lips which received the last kiss from lips already growing cold. She had died for him.

The spring morning dawned bright and clear on the day of her burial. Robert Crandall stole out of doors for the first time, and with steps to which his very passion of pain lent strength and endurance, sought the lonely haunts where the trailing arbutus spreads its tangled net-work of fragrance. He went back laden with the white odorous blossoms, and strewed them round her, who looked more like them than ever in the white splendor of her dead loveliness. Beside her pale cheeks, on her still breast where no heart-beat fluttered, in the slender fingers never to wear wedding-ring of his, he laid them—"sweets to the sweet." They buried her

"In her spring,
On that spring day."

Her parents had, as she had said, each other. They wept together, as they had done before over dead darlings. But Robert Crandall wept alone. He had only her memory and his work.

Before he was really able he was in the field again. He has fought the last year's battles with the very courage of desperation. And now, first of his regiment, he has re-enlisted for the war.

"To see the thing through, if I may," he says, with a grim smile; "or, if not, dying is not the worst that can happen to a soldier."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Is the sense of smelling more pleasing than the sense of tasting?" was the subject up before a debating club. Skilton was the last to speak upon the negative, and all were anxious to hear him, when, ringing the bell, he ordered up a glass of hot whisky punch, and drank it off with great gusto. Then, turning to his opponents, he handed the empty glass to the leading disputant, and thundered out, "Now, Sir, smell it!" It is needless to add that Skilton "brought down the house," and carried the decision for the negative.

A conceited coxcomb, with a very patronizing air, called out to an Irish laborer, "Here, you bog-trotter, come and tell me the greatest lie you can, and I will treat you to a glass of Irish whisky." "By my word," said Pat, "an yer Honor's a gentleman."

Thackeray being told that an acquaintance of his, who was notorious for his love of beer, had sailed for India, replied, "He was a good fellow. Take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his like again!"

The other day a town-crier took in charge a lost child, and proceeded to hunt up its parents. On being asked by a lady what the matter was, he replied, "Here's an orphan child, ma'am, and I'm trying to find its parents."

"Well, my good woman," said a clergyman, who was sent for in the middle of the night by one of his congregation, "so you are ill, and require the consolations of religion. What can I do for you?" "No," replied the old lady, "I am only nervous, and can't sleep." "How can I help that?" asked the minister. "Oh, Sir," said she, "you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church that I thought if you would only preach a little for me!"

"That's a very hard case," as the Irishman said when he hit his friend on the head.

"You have been the making of me," as the mustard said to the cook.

What is a loan society?—A society which it would be prudent to leave alone.

In the company of the present Emperor of Austria, once upon a time, the conversation ran upon the absurd question, which part of the body was the strongest. The Prince was appealed to, when he said that, for his part, he gave his voice in favor of the nose. When a laugh at the odd idea of the Prince had ceased, his Highness was asked for an explanation, when he said, "Why, Prince Metternich has led my father by the nose for the last twenty years, and it is as good a nose as ever, and not a bit the worse for the exercise."

Some men's minds are never half blown. With their trumpets it is far otherwise.

Ladies should never put pins in their mouths. Their lips should be roses without thorns.

"Tell your mistress I have torn the curtain," said a gentleman to the domestic of a lodging-house. "Very well, Sir; mistress will put it down as rent."

A confectioner has brought his business to such perfection, that he is now offering to the public his candid opinion.

"Those dear eyes of thine!" as the old gentleman said when he bought his wife a handsome pair of gold spectacles.

Money is the metal wheel-work of human activity, the dial-plate of our value.

To tip one fashion over by another is undoubtedly the tip of fashion.

Marriage is designated by some people as a "bridle," because it generally puts a curb upon some.

BEAUTY.

"What a frail thing is beauty!" said Baron de Grass,
When he found that his true love had one eye of glass.

HORRIBLE!—An illiterate carpenter was arrested upon his own written confession. In a letter to his wife he had said that, "he'd been to the Heastun Countess Stashun to catsh a train, when *he had saw'd his frend in two.*"

"Dear me!" exclaimed a lady, as she looked at the boa-constrictor in a show; "why, the skin of the creature is of a regular tartan pattern." "It is, my dear," remarked her husband, "and that is what Shakspeare alluded to when he talked about a snake being 'scotched.'"

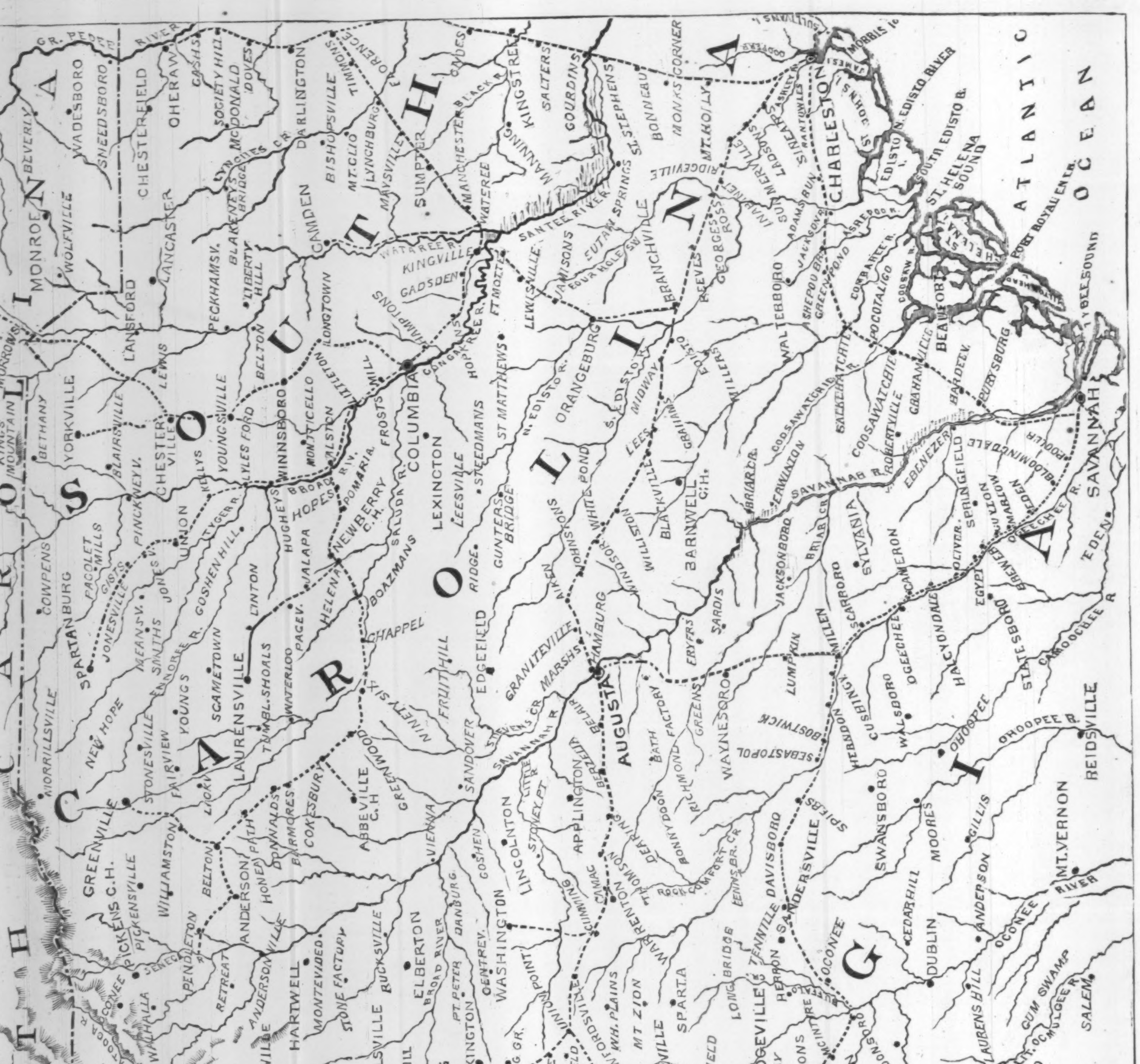
MEDICAL.—Miss Uvula wishes to know if the best writer upon sore throats was De Quinsey? All we can say is, as usual, consult a Solicitor.

A woman will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a 'possum to a gum-tree, and you can't separate her without snapping strings no art can mend, leaving a portion of her soul on the upper leather of your affections. She will sometimes see something to love where others can see nothing to admire; and when her fondness is once fastened on a fellow, it sticks like glue and molasses in a bushy head of hair.

Why is a man charged with a crime like types?—Because he should not be *locked up* till the *matter is well proved.*

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SLEEP

LEEPING ON THEIR ARMS.



SHERMAN'S ADVANCE INTO NORTHERN GEORGIA.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LILY IS IN A STRANGE COUNTRY.

It was three o'clock on the following morning before the steam-packet *Harlequin* entered the harbor of Boulogne. Lily had had a fearful time of it. She was very comfortable, and almost happy during the passage of the vessel down the river; for the weather was fine, the water was smooth, and her protectress, betaking herself to the perusal of sundry volumes bound in yellow paper, left her at peace. Then a gentleman in a braided surtout, with very large whiskers and mustache, a cap with a gold band to it, and who continually smoked a pipe with a very richly-colored brown bowl, a silver top, and a green tassel depending from it, and who wore, besides, a leathern bag slung by a strap over his shoulder, was very kind to her, and showed her a variety of interesting objects on both banks of the river. He was a most good-humored gentleman, but his English was, to Lily, well-nigh incomprehensible.

"Did you ligue joggolate?" he asked, in a hoarse voice, and a grin that sent his black whiskers very far apart indeed. "Joggolate is good for de liddle kinder. Yez, it is moldo grazioso. Denez, ma bedide, here is some joggolate."

He produced from the leathern bag as he spoke a stick of chocolate wrapped in some neat tin-foil. This covering he partially stripped off, broke off a piece of the sweetmeat, and popped it, with a jovial grin, between Lily's lips. The child had never tasted chocolate before. Then he began to fill his pipe from a pouch likewise produced from the leathern bag, and as he shut the latter Lily seemed to hear the chinking of money.

"Mein good little friend, ma bonne amie, gif me de bouch," he continued. "It is moldo grazioso. She gif thems to me, begause I lof her. I lof de bipes and de tobacko. De bipes is not good for de liddle kinder. He make romfozzle in der stomjacks zo."

Then, from a pocket in his braided surtout, he took a little case-bottle, unscrewed the top, and applied it to his lips.

"De brandies is goods," he remarked, throwing his head back. "De brandies is goods for de mal de mèr. By-and-by your mamma, when de sea shall romfozzle your stomjacks, shall give you some brandies in your tea. A ver liddle, zo. Vill you ave some more joggolate?"

But here the lady looked up from the French novel she was reading, and angrily bade the child come and sit beside her. "You are not to associate with servants and low people. Que font ces gens-là dans cette partie du vaisseau?"

Lily thought that if the braided and whiskered gentleman was a servant, he was a very handsome and a very good-natured one. He walked away, grumbling.

"Diavolo!" he murmured. "Quelle mégère. She needn'ts be so tam proud for what I am a gourier. Franz Stimm il vant bien cette sauteuse sour les zevaux."

It would be, perhaps, more correct, as the braided gentleman was talking to himself, to inscribe in their native tongue the thoughts to which he gave utterance, but the gentleman hadn't any native tongue or native country either, to speak of; Franz Stimm was a courier, and knew all tongues, and all countries—a little.

By degrees the lady became absorbed again in the study of her French novels, and Lily stole softly away from her side, and went and sat on the little raised part of the deck above the rudder chains, and studied the weather-beaten man in the pea-jacket who was at the helm. By-and-by, being totally ignorant of the printed injunction of prohibition, she had the audacity to speak to the man at the wheel; and the man himself—it being a quiet afternoon, and the captain being in his cabin refreshing himself with his after-dinner grog—spoke to her. No great harm resulted from this contravention of maritime discipline. He told her all about the *Dreadnought*, and the wind-mills on the Essex shore, and the great guns at Woolwich Arsenal; also, that a many had been hung at Execution Dock, and that when he was a lad in war-time he had been pressed and kept four days and nights aboard the guard-ship at the Nore, notwithstanding his being a 'prentice, and having a 'stifficate from Waterman's Hall in his pocket.

But this confiding mariner was in time removed, and the hairy man in the striped guernsey who succeeded him was not so communicative. He was absorbed with his spokes, and what little time he had to spare was devoted to dextrously ejecting the juice from the quid he was chewing over the leeward bulwark. Now and then he missed his aim, and then he swore monosyllabically. Lily couldn't make friends with him, and presently stole away.

In those days rich people were not quite so proud as they are now. At least they did not appear quite so genteel, quite so exclusive, quite so shut up, as I learn they are at present. In these days a member of the "superior orders" would faint at the bare idea of traveling to Boulogne by the common packet from London Bridge: but when Lily was young a great many wealthy and high-born people were content to take that route as the pleasantest though not the shortest. And more than that, they took their servants and their carriages with them.

There was a handsome private carriage—a berline painted green, with a rumble, heavy wheels, and a big imperial on the roof—aboard the *Harlequin*, nearly amidships, but slightly forward. Lily was wandering about the deck, and occasionally tripping herself up over the stiff protrusions of tarpaulin when she came to this carriage. She was admiring the pretty manner in which the wheels were lashed to bolts in the deck, when she heard a voice she recognized, and looking up saw that the carriage door was open. Standing thereat was the bearded gentleman with the braided surtout who spoke such very funny English.

"Acht Himmel!" he cried, pleased to see her. "Here is de liddle cal vat eat de joggolate. Mein Signor Generale, she is ver preddy. She is the dordor of de handsome dame dat loog lige de diger."

There was a gentleman in the carriage reclining at full length on a mattress. He was covered to the chin with rugs, and cloaks, and furs, and had a yellow face, and looked very ill. He shrugged his shoulders peevishly at the courier's remark, and a thin voice, which seemed very tired of itself and all the world, bade Stimm not bother him, but bring him some orange-flower water.

"Bedder 'ave som brandies, my lord generale," observed Mr. Stimm, in respectful expostulation. "Ve gom ver soon do de Nore, and de eau de fleur d'oranger, he play de teufels vid your stomjacks. Bedder drinks de brandy."

"Hang your brandy!" cried the yellow-faced invalid, peevishly. "One would think I was a private still. My stomach's my own—at least what I've got left of it. Get me the orange-flower water, do you hear me, hey?"

The courier turned to do his behest, and Lily, frightened, was moving out of his way, when her eyes met those of the sallow gentleman. His eyes were very languid and jaundiced, but they were very black.

He started up eagerly on his invalid couch. "Merciful Heavens!" he cried, "where have I seen that face before? Stimm, bring that child here."

But before Mr. Stimm could approach Lily a harsh hand was laid on the child's shoulder. It was the handsome lady.

"You little plague! You litt'e demon!" she cried, furiously. "Here have I been à la chasse for you this half hour. What am I to do with you? Shall I throw you into the water to be eaten by the black man—by the whales and sharks, I mean? Come away this moment;" and she dragged Lily aft.

The sallow gentleman was not quite so great an invalid as he seemed to be. He descended, grumbling and moaning, however, from his carriage, and followed the lady and child to the quarter-deck; but they hastily descended the companion-ladder, and then the lady shut herself with the child in the ladies' cabin.

Lily underwent many hours of the direst agony. It grew dark, and the stewardess brought her some tea and bread-and-butter, but she could scarcely swallow a mouthful. The tea-things clattered on the table horribly. A lamp was kindled, and it swung to and fro. They put Lily to bed on a shelf in a cupboard, and the shelf began to pitch forward, and dart backward, and then it seemed to be sliding away from Lily, and then she herself was dashed against the cupboard wall. She looked out, terrified, into the cabin, and lo! the ceiling was where the floor should have been. And all this while there was a dreadful creaking noise, as though a giant were being stretched on the rack, and a dreadful throbbing sensation, which shook the very pillow beneath her head, as though the giant's heart was bursting under the torture.

She was very sick. There were eleven ladies in the cabin, and they were all sick. There was a little girl of timid aspect, a year or so older than Lily, who appeared to look upon sea-sickness as a kind of penal chastisement ordained for her sins, and who, in the intervals of nausea, screamed, "Oh, don't! oh, please don't! oh, I will be good!" and the like deprecatory ejaculations. There was one lady, tall and thin, with sad-colored ringlets, who perpetually reiterated a request to be thrown overboard; there was another, stout, of a rubicund countenance, who had been exceedingly jolly all the afternoon, and who now, with a ghastly visage, and rolled up into a ball in a corner, repeated at short intervals, "It's coming, it's coming! I hear it, I hear it! I hear it! Lawks ha' mercy upon us!" probably anticipating the immediate scuttling of the ship, or the end of the world. And there was a poor little baby, who, in the course of seven hours, assumed many cadaverous hues, from Indian yellow to bistre, and from neutral tint to pea-green, and was given up for dead many times. It was an awful night. The stewardess bore it unmoved. She was a hardy young woman, paid not to be sea-sick, but to keep a sharp look-out after her dues; and although on shore I dare say she was as truthful a young woman as ever wore the brown merino of ordinary life, she was, on board the *Harlequin*, a prodigy of cool mendacity, declaring when the *Harlequin* was off Ramsgate that they were "nearly in," and when tossing about Deal, that her good man—meaning the steward—had just seen "Bolong light."

There was somebody else who was not sick; the handsome proud lady, Lily's protectress. She lay down on a sofa, covered herself with a great shawl, and went resolutely to sleep. Once or twice in the course of the night, waking up, she apostrophized the *Harlequin*, the company that owned it, and the captain and crew who navigated it, in bitterly sarcastic terms. The stewardess also she was mercilessly hard upon, for the offense of wearing thick shoes; and more than once she chid Lily for making a noise. She tended the suffering child, however, with a kind of stern tenderness, and then went to sleep again.

At last this night of torment came to a close. The *Harlequin* escaped at break of day from the buffeting boiling waters of the Channel into the smooth waters of the port, and Lily was carried in the arms of a seaman, who in his outward guise looked very like a grisly bear, but in his manners was as gentle as a lamb, up a ladder to a quay. There the seaman set her down on the shore of France.

A little man, not so very much taller than Lily, but with a big mustache, and a huge cutlass, and a broad sword-belt, and a very tall glazed shako, immediately seized on the Noah's ark which the seaman had deposited by Lily's side. The lady was close by her, but she forbore to seize the little man by the throat or to cast him over the quay into the water. She spoke him very fair, and called him "Monsieur." Lily noticed that on this new ground her protectress was quite polite. The little soldier, however (he had red legs and bunches of red worsted on his shoulders), was as fierce as she was mild, and called out in a formidable voice, "A droite, à la Douane. Marchez donc!" Those were the days when Waterloo was still remembered, when international alliances and treaties of commerce were not thought of, and when the little soldiers of King Louis Philippe the First were very apt to be rude to those over whom they had authority.

Half stupefied, trembling and dizzy with the soonest acquired, worst borne, and easiest cured of human ailments—dazed with the novelty of the scene, the glimmering lanterns contending with the gray dawn, the clash of arms, the hoarse voices of seamen and porters vociferating to each other in a strange language—the child followed her conductors to the custom-house. But arrived there, the little inquisitive could not refrain from asking her companion why all the soldiers had red legs, and why they seemed so very angry with every body?

Soon a stranger sight absorbed her attention. Along a low wooden bar, or counter, twenty trunks were arranged wide open, and as many men all with mustaches, or looking like soldiers, and all in a great passion, were apparently making beds. At least they tossed and tumbled the contents of all the trunks about as though they were shaking up feather-beds: an operation which Lily had often watched with intense interest in Mrs. Bunnycastle's sleeping apartment at Rhododendron House. The bearded gentleman who had given her the chocolate was in the very thickest of the confusion, and had at least half a dozen trunks to be tossed and tumbled over. He brandished a huge bunch of keys, and seemed quite as angry as the men who looked like soldiers.

At length it came to the turn of Lily and her protectress. One of the soldiers asked the lady if she had any thing to "declare;" whereupon she looked as though she would have very much liked to declare war upon *him*; but she was on her behavior now, and observed that she had nothing liable to duty. Lily's little outfit was rummaged with a recklessness that would have driven to fury even the placable Mr. Ranns at Cutwig & Co.'s; and the lady's store of purple and fine linen was recklessly rumpled, and then crammed back again into her portmanteau, as though it were so many old rags.

Even when the trunks were re-locked, and their lids inscribed with cabalistic flourishes in chalk, their troubles were not at an end; for they were conducted into a naked, whitewashed apartment, over the door of which the word "Sûreté" was written, and there were subjected, at the hands of perhaps the ugliest and snuffiest old woman who ever wore gold rings in her ears and a mob-cap on her head, to the indignity of a personal search. It is scarcely needful to say that there were no smuggled commodities about Lily. There was very little outside her, and nothing at all inside her but nausea. The lady also passed scathless through an abominable ordeal which has happily become a thing of the past; but she contrived to lose her temper, and gave the old woman a piece of her mind—the which assumed such formidable dimensions, that the female searcher began to yell for "la garde," and the lady had to quiet her with a five-franc piece. There were some other ladies, however, who gave even more trouble. One went into hysterics, another vowed she would write to the *Times*, and a third made reiterated and passionate appeals to her "Henry" (meaning her absent husband), who was himself being searched in an adjoining apartment, strewing flowers of eloquence of the strongest Britannic odor on two malignant douaniers. I think all the ladies who screamed contrived to smuggle something; and as Lily passed out she saw one—the lady who had been so very anxious to be thrown overboard—being unwound of innumerable strips of contraband textile fabrics as though she had been a bad leg.

Outside the custom-house there was much crowding and shouting; and a mob of shabby men, whose hair looked dreadfully in want of cutting, encircled the travelers, thrusting cards into their hands, and bawling out the names of different hotels. And, staggering before her, Lily saw an old woman—the twin sister seemingly of the one who had half dragged her clothes off her back in the custom-house—with short petticoats of linsey-woolsey, and very stout legs, and very thick shoes, and a very round back, on which were poised the lady's large portmanteau, and Cutwig & Co.'s outfit. The old lady wore a mob-cap too, but she wore a man's hat over that, and a pea-jacket over her gown body, and presented a hybrid maritime appearance.

They found at last a carriage, and were taken to a hotel. And there Lily was put to bed. Quite exhausted and tired, she fell into a blessed balmy sleep, and did not wake up till late in the afternoon, when she found herself ravenously hungry, and as well as a little girl of eight years of age, with whom there had been nothing the matter but a bad fit of sea-sickness on the previous day, could be.

The lady was writing letters at a little table by the bedside.

"You lazy little thing," she said, but not very harshly. "We should have been on our road to Paris hours ago. You have made me miss the diligence, and now we shall have to wait until to-morrow morning."

Some dinner was ordered, and it was brought by a waiter who looked quite like a gentleman and had beautiful whiskers—but not so beautiful as those of the gentleman with the chocolate—and a clean white apron that reached down to his slippered feet. They had only a bedroom; "and," thought Lily to herself, "whatever would Mrs. Bunnycastle think if a man with whiskers were to come into her bedroom!"

Lily had a little cutlet for dinner, and some potatoes fried a delicate brown. The thin wine they gave her, though it tasted sour, was of a beautiful crimson color, and Lily thought she would very much like to have a dress for a doll of that hue.

"I like dining here better than at the large house that smelt of fish so," she said, emboldened by the not unfavorable glance the lady had cast upon her while she was eating. "It is almost as good as dinner at school."

The lady frowned. "Petite bavarde," she returned. "One wants to hear no comparisons. You are to forget Greenwich; you are to forget the school where you were spoilt and petted by those foolish old women. You are going to a school where you will be treated properly, and have very different dinners."

Lily sighed and relapsed into silence.

Toward sunset the lady took her for a walk about the streets, which seemed very strange to Lily, but pleased her infinitely. The houses were very white, and most of the windows had bright green blinds. The shops were full of the most delightful toys that Lily had ever seen, and among them she recognized with delight numerous little dolls the exact effigy of the old woman in the pea-jacket and the short petticoat, who had carried the lady's portmanteau and Cutwig & Co.'s trunk from the custom-house to the carriage. Only these dolls hadn't any short pipes in their mouths as the real woman had.

If Lily had been with Miss Barbara Bunnycastle she would have dragged her to the window and kept her there for ten minutes discussing the merits of these dolls. If she had been with the tall gentleman who kissed her at Greenwich—she seemed to feel the impress of his lips on her forehead now—she would have asked him boldly to buy her one of the dolls, and would have told him that she would pay for it when she grew up. But she was afraid to say such things to the lady, and could only sate herself with the fascinating images by casting furtive glances over her shoulder. She could not help, however—as they passed another shop whose window was positively bursting with dolls—asking the lady who the old women at the custom-house were, and why some of them wore red petticoats and some blue? They had met more ancient dames of the same stamp in the street that afternoon; but they were barefoot, and wore yellow kirtles, and carried great nets slung on sticks over their shoulders.

The lady told her, tartly, that the old women were sailors' widows. "It is good to be a widow," she continued, "when your husband is a robber, and a villain, and a lâche. Now ask me no more questions. Tu m'agaces."

They went for a walk on the pier, where it blew very hard, and a brave color came into Lily's cheeks, which the agony of the *Harlequin* had rendered wan. They met a good many gentlemen who seemed on speaking terms with the lady. Some of them patted Lily on the head, but she did not like them. They seemed coarse and rude to her.

"They are not so nice as the gentlemen at Greenwich," she remarked, timidly. "Ah! what a nice gentleman that was who said he was wicked! But I don't believe he was wicked. He had such beautiful eyes, and he was so kind to me. I don't like these gentlemen."

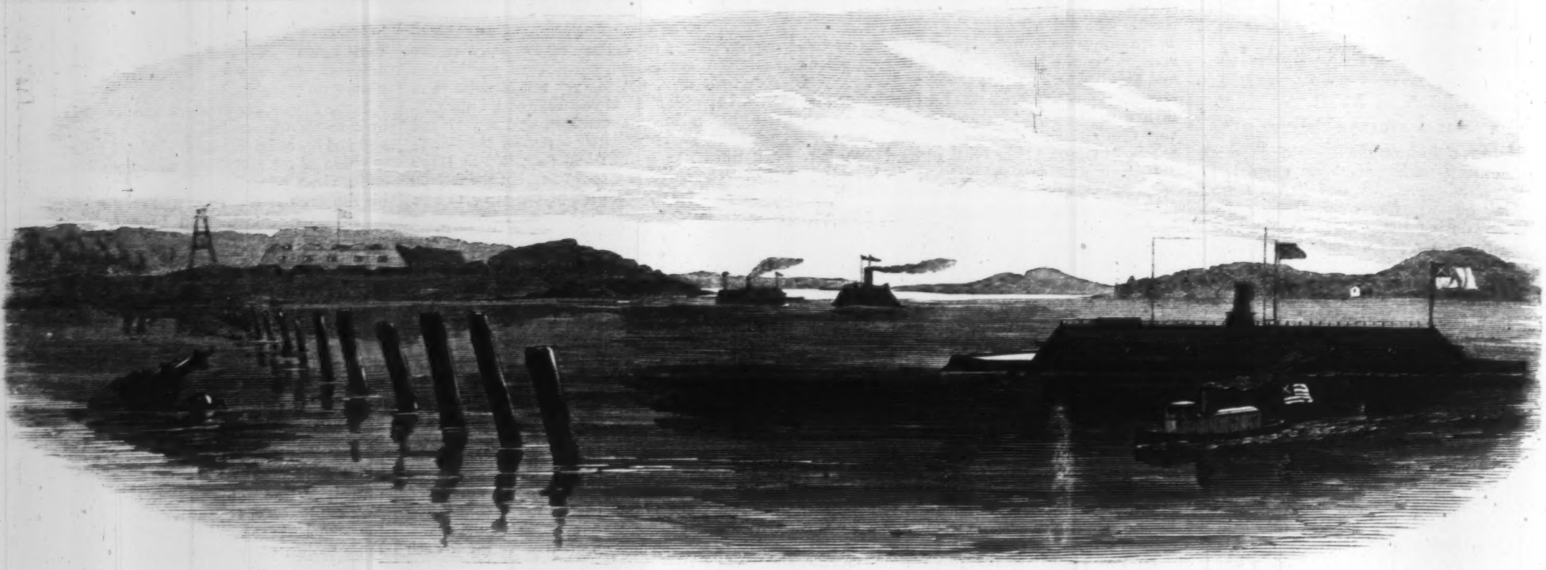
Her companion angrily bade her, for a little fool, hold her tongue, and they resumed their promenade. They passed a great many ladies who were not on speaking terms with the countess, but were not on staring terms with, or rather at, her. They looked at her very hard and then averted their heads.

At first the lady was scornful, and muttered that there was no need for them to turn up their noses, nature having turned them up quite sufficiently as it was. But anon she grew fierce; and as they turned back from the pier-head cried, loud enough for Lily to hear her:

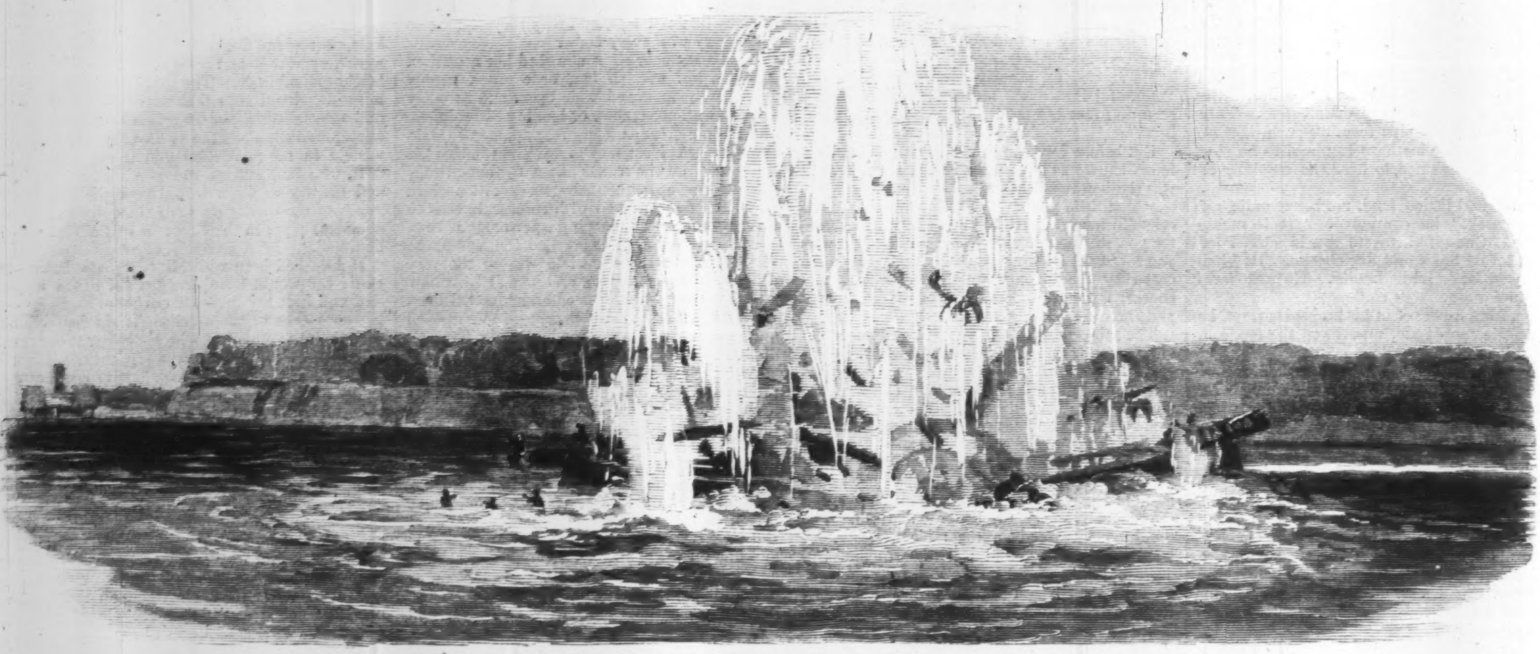
"Malediction! Am I the cholera? Am I the plague? I buy my bonnets where those English misses buy theirs. I use the same whalebone and buckram. I paint myself with the same paint. Why do they stare at me as though I were a beast in the Jardin des Plantes?"

Why indeed? Lily could not tell. She had seen some ladies as handsome as the countess pass by, and yet there was not one of them who looked so peculiar. It is certain that she had an odd appearance. What was there in her? She was dressed in exquisite taste. She had no gaudy hues in her garments. It was very strange, but so it was. Perhaps her temper had something to do with it.

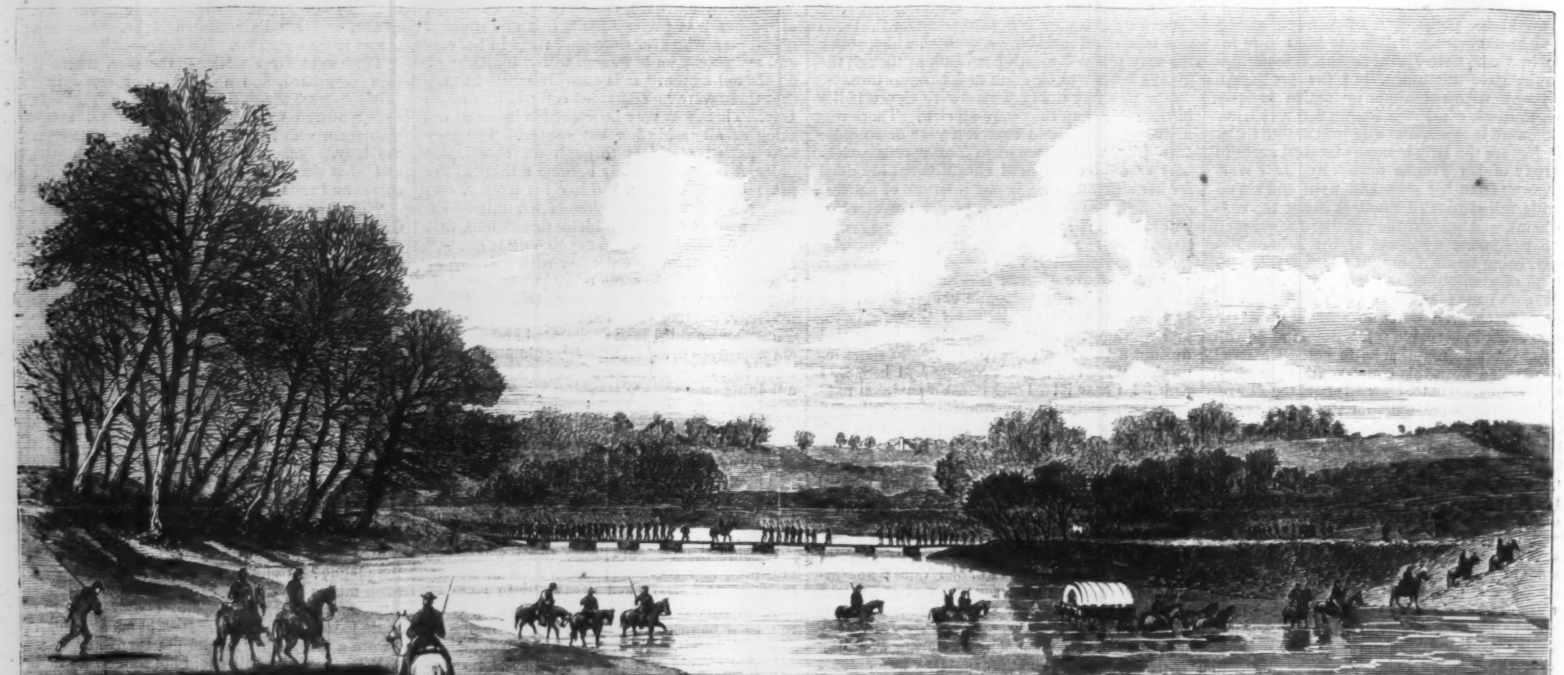
So, Lily pondering and the lady fuming, they returned to the hotel, where Lily was glad to be put to bed early, and the lady sat up till late reading her novels. They were both up by seven in the morning. There was a disturbance about the bill, and the countess told the landlord he was a robber. But that was usual; and all things considered the lady might for once have hit the right nail on the head. I have stopped at the same hotel myself (I won't mention it by name, for fear of being libelous), and I can't help thinking, under correction, that the landlord *was* a robber.



FORT DARLING AND THE REBEL IRON-CLADS ON THE JAMES, SEVEN MILES BELOW RICHMOND.



DESTRUCTION OF THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "COMMODORE JONES" ON THE JAMES.



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—HANCOCK'S CORPS CROSSING THE RAPIDAN, WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 339.]

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK.--[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE LATE GENERAL JAMES C. RICE.

GENERAL JAMES C. RICE.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES C. RICE, whose portrait we give above, was one of the bravest and truest men in the Army of the Potomac—a Christian soldier in the best sense of the phrase. He was born in Worthington, in the hill-country of Massachusetts; was a graduate of Yale College; practiced law for some years, first in Natchez, Mississippi, and later in this city; and entered the army as a private soldier when the war broke out. He rose, through his own merits and bravery, from this position to that of Brigadier-General. He fought in every battle in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged except that of Antietam, from which he was absent by reason of a severe attack of typhoid fever. At Gettysburg he distinguished himself, as Colonel commanding a brigade, on the left of our line, and was appointed Brigadier at the request of General MEADE. He was, in battle, constantly in the front, and exposed himself without stint; but he was never hit but once, and that was fatally, in the battle of Tuesday, though in almost every battle he received bullets in his clothes or hat. At Malvern six bullets passed through his clothing. General RICE was a consistent and zealous Christian, a man devoted heart and soul to his country, and ready at all times to make the greatest sacrifices for the cause of Union and Liberty.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK.

THE "Fighting Sixth" has lost its General. The portrait of this, the oldest of the corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac, we give on this page. JOHN SEDGWICK was born in Connecticut in 1817, graduated at West Point in 1837, went into the artillery, in 1839 was made First Lieutenant, was brevetted Captain for gallantry at Contreras and Churubusco, and Major in Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and San Cosme Gate; the former brevet was confirmed by commission in 1849, and the latter in 1855. In 1861 he entered this present conflict as Colonel of the First Cavalry, and, August 4, was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers. His commission as Major-General dated from July 4, 1862.

A very modest man was General SEDGWICK; but he was the idol of his Corps, who all called him "Uncle John," and his intrinsic worth as a soldier was

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 350.]

rewarded by successive promotions. He was twice wounded on the Peninsula, where he commanded a Division of SUMNER'S Corps. Succeeding General SMITH in the command of the Sixth Corps, he participated in the second assault on Fredericksburg and in the battle of Gettysburg. He always inspired his men with his own dauntlessness; and his courage on Friday night, May 6, when his flank was turned, and SHALER'S and SEYMOUR'S brigades driven back, saved the whole army from the full force of the blow. He was shot by a sharp-shooter, not as he would have desired, in the heat of action, but while adjusting a piece of artillery, on Monday, May 8.

Hero! whose soul was grandly strong and still
When the wild waves of battle round it broke,
And through the hours of tumult, fire, and smoke,
Held up the sinking lines with iron will;
Whose grasp was only less secure than death's,
What joy was thine upon the front of fame
To join the captains of immortal name,
Who sit above in spirit council till
At the last victory Right his sword ensheaths.
We would have kept thee; we are selfish all;
Fittest that we on bended knees should fall
And say, "We thank Thee, God, in this our woe,
That Thou hast given us strength to let him go,
So much of his was ours, even to the fadeless wreaths."

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

THE Parisian spring of the good old times has returned in 1864, with its pleasant accompaniments of early violets and lilac flowers. There was a general laying aside of furs and warm covering beneath the genial sunshine of the charming month of April. Simple dresses, composed of robe and mantle, and of uniform color throughout, were predominant; and light-blue, light-green, and light-pink silks were thrown out into pleasant relief by the brilliant sunlight. A considerable diminution in the amplitude of the skirts must be noted with satisfaction; indeed, the employment of steel crinolines seems to be altogether on the decrease. The suppleness and grace of the spring costumes this year could not have been obtained otherwise than by the adoption of underclothing of a softer description. The small *chapeaux à l'Anglaise*, rather low in front, and passing with a simple curve down to the bavolet, are decidedly in favor at this moment, the materials preferred being crape and silk, and the latest ornament a sort of narrow scarf inside and outside, as shown in one of our illustrations.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Dress for a Wedding Party.*—Mazarine blue moire antique robe, ornamented (above the deep lace flounce adorning the skirt) with three black velvet lozenges, edged with narrow black guipure. Long black lace shawl. White crape bonnet, decorated with feathers and an aigrette, above the vandyked lace bavolet a rich blue velvet ornament, of the same tint as the bow and strings.

Fig. 2. *Evening Dress for a Young Lady.*—Silver-gray robe in foulard de l'Inde, richly trimmed, as shown in the engraving, with blue silk stripes and narrow edging. The dress is cut in the style denominated the *forme Impératrice*, and the corsage and sleeve-cuffs are ornamented with stripes and bands to match those on the skirt. Small lace collar, fastened by a rose-pink cravat.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—Robe of iron-gray taffety, provided with a fluted skirt, surmounted by four rows of passementerie. The corsage is à ceinture, and the shoulders and cuffs are also trimmed with passementerie ornaments. White crape bonnet, with a tulle scarf beneath the front edge attaching a small feather. The scarf ornament is also repeated outside the bonnet.

ON THE BLOCKADE.

THE sound of the hissing steam is low,
And silent the flapping sail;
The western skies have lost their glow,
And the headlands faint and fail,
As the sailor sits on the tarry deck
And tells his ghostly tale.

Tells of the ship that sailed his dreams
Last night when the watch was done;
And the tale to the wondering landsmen seems,
Whose first prize is not won,
Like their childhoods' nightly ghosts that passed
Away with the morning sun.

But he has rocked on the sea for years,
And knows its mystery well;
The luring voice through the waves he hears
When the mermaid blows her shell;
And he knows how the ocean spirits cast
O'er the sailor's dreams a spell.

"Just below the horizon rim,"
Said he, "the steamer sailed;
I could make her course by the smoke-line dim
That along the horizon trailed;
But the salt-sea mist was up in my eye,
And to make her hull I failed.

Round in an inner ring we sped,
But never a knot we gained;
Every sail on the yards was spread,
And the boiler groaned and strained;
And night and day a shark's fierce eye
On me like a gun was trained.

He slid round, and we slid round,
And the unseen steamer too,
Till we passed beyond our cruising-ground
To the Gulf Stream swift and blue—
Till we wound far into the outer sea
Unsailed by a mortal crew.

I grew old, and the ship grew old,
With the years of that ghostly chase;
The sailors' hand grew thin and cold,
And pallid the captain's face;
But the steamer was ever as far away,
And the shark he kept his place.

At last both ships into my dream
Dissolved from the ocean wide,
And the waters changed to an inky stream,
And a boatman rowed its tide;
I sat a ghost at the bow, and the shark
His hunger had satisfied."

"Come, sailor," a brawny landsman said,
"That was a dream you know."
"On whom do you think the shark had fed?"
Said the sailor quick and low.
"Fed on the ghostly winds that through
Your sailor fancies blow."

"We shall make short work of the next black ship
That sneaks from out Nassau,
For a prize the water is on my lip,
And a hunger in my maw;
Come, let's turn in, for the watch is done,
And the wind is getting raw."

What, ho! A dark hulk cleaves the sea,
And ashore is a signal light;
Up! for the steam sings merrily,
The chase shall be short to-night;
But the sailor looks where a shark throws off
A trail of blue fire bright.

The black hulk melts into the dark,
And the shoreward light burns dim;
The prize is lost, but the hungry shark
Has a midnight banquet grim,
And the landsman knows that the sailor's dream
Was a foresight unto him.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

SEWING MACHINE AND HAND NEEDLES.
ALL KINDS AT BARTLETT'S, 442 BROADWAY, N. Y.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS WORN THEM.—Parties interested in Artificial Legs will obtain much valuable information by reading the following reply to a letter, "asking advice about purchasing, &c.

REPLY.

PERU, LA SALLE CO., April 11, 1864.

Mr. Painter, Cincinnati, O.

DEAR SIR; Yours of March 16th, just received, and contents noted. You say you want my opinion on the corrugated metallic leg; as you ask it in a candid way, I will answer you candidly. If you get a leg made out of wood, you may be fitted for say at least a year; in that time your stump will get thinner a good deal, and you will have to pad the socket (the place where the stump goes in). In my experience with wooden legs, I have found this to be a great inconvenience. In the next place, the joints in a wooden leg are not made strong enough, for this reason: every time you step upon an uneven surface, it naturally sprains the ankle-joint, which, after a week or so, becomes loose and is easily broken. In the metallic leg, this is done away with altogether, by a stout rubber that acts like a joint, and every time you step on an uneven surface, yields like a natural foot. You will see that the metallic leg is altogether superior to a wooden one, and costs only one half what a wooden one costs. Another reason is, that the mechanism in a metallic leg is very simple, whereas in a wooden leg it is so complicated that if anything gives out you will have to send it (the wooden one) back to the manufacturer's, and they will charge you a good round sum for it. I, for one, advise you to get a metallic leg for cheapness, lightness, and durability. If you get such a leg as J. W. Weston, 491 Broadway, New York, sent me, you will get a good, substantial leg. Hoping you may be suited at less than it has cost me, for I have paid out over $500 for limbs, I remain yours, E. GUNTHER, Jr.

Mr. Gunther doesn't mention three important advantages my leg has over all others.

1st. I guarantee a fit in all cases.

2d. The measure can be sent, and the leg returned by Express, thereby saving the time and expense of coming to New York to be fitted.

3d. It makes no noise.

OFFER.

I have such implicit confidence in my Improved Metallic Leg, that I will give any one the privilege of returning it if they are not satisfied, after six months' trial, and I will return the money, less twenty-five dollars. Price from $75 to $100.

Send for a circular to J. W. Weston.

Office and salesroom 491 Broadway, New York; Edwin H. Weston, 21 West 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

NEW VOCAL MUSIC.—"For the Dear Old Flag I Die," "Was my Brother in the Battle?" "Bury Me in the Morning," "Wilt Thou be True?" "I will be True to Thee," "Merry Little Birds are We," "If you've only got a Moustache," "The Little Ballad Girl," "When Old friends were Here," and "She was all the World to Me."—Foster. "Home is Home," "I Hear Sweet Voices Singing," "Kindly Words and Smiling Faces," and "Hymn of the Nation."—Thomas. "Sweet Little Nell," "Dying Drummer," "Weep no More for Lilly," "Katy Did and Katy Didn't," "This Hand Never Struck me, Mother," "Dost Thou Ever Think of Me, Love," "Little Joey, the Contraband," "The New Emancipation Song," and "The Angels are Hovering Near."—Parkhurst. "Dear One, I Think of Thee," "The Rose of Clifton Dale."—Lawrence.—"Christ will Care for Mother Now."—Weston. All of which are recommended. Price 30 cents each. Mailed free. HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to Dr. Uncas Brant, Box 3581, New York. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only*: No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

"The 3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

Eagle Gas Stove Works.

Summer Cooking Stove.
GAS the CHEAPEST FUEL.
BOIL, BROIL, ROAST, BAKE, TOAST, and do IRONING.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.
H. D. BLAKE,
474 Broadway, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT

At your own homes. Thousands can realize a Hundred Dollars Weekly.—No utensils required except those found in every househould; profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of *two* stamps for return postage.

Address C. MUNRO BROWN, 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
14 Chambers St., N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

Wholesale and Retail.

Opera and Field-Glasses

Can see a man distance of 3 to 4 miles. Spectacles and Eye-Glasses with French flint glass. Also Microscopes of every description, from $1 to $50. B. H. HORN, Optician, 212 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., up stairs. Send Stamp for Circular.

50,000 AGENTS WANTED.

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

I will send a sample of either of the New Artillery, Cavalry, Pontonier, Engineer, or Naval Pins for $1 50, or a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Division, or Company Pins with your Name, Reg., and Co. handsomely engraved thereon, for $1. Send for Wholesale Illustrated Circular.

U. S. 10-40 Bonds.

These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 8th, 1864, which provides that all Bonds issued under this Act SHALL BE REDEEMED IN COIN, at the pleasure of the Government, at any period *not less than ten nor more than forty years* from their date; and until their redemption FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN COIN, on Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually and on all other Bonds semi-annually. The interest is payable on the first days of March and September in each year.

As these Bonds, by Act of Congress, are

Exempt from Municipal or State Taxation,

their value is increased from one to three per cent. per annum, according to the rate of tax levies in various parts of the country.

At the present rate of premium on gold they pay

Over Eight per Cent. Interest

in currency, and are of equal convenience as a permanent or temporary investment.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as the various descriptions of U. S. Bonds. In all other forms of Indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties or stock companies or separate communities only is pledged for payment, while for the debts of the United States the whole property of the country is holden to secure the payment of both principal and interest in coin.

These Bonds may be subscribed for in sums from $50 up to any magnitude, on the same terms, and are thus made equally available to the smallest lender and the largest capitalist. They can be converted into money at any moment, and the holder will have the benefit of the interest.

The Funded Debt of the United States on which interest is payable in gold, on the 3d day of March, 1864, was $768,965,000. The interest on this debt for the coming fiscal year will be $45,937,126, while the customs revenue in gold for the current fiscal year, ending June 30th, 1864, has been so far at the rate of over $100,000,000 per annum.

It will be seen that even the present gold revenues of the Government are largely in excess of the wants of the Treasury for the payment of gold interest, while the recent increase of the tariff will doubtless raise the annual receipts from customs on the same amount of importations to $150,000,000 per annum.

The authorized amount of this loan is Two Hundred Million Dollars.

Instructions to the National Banks acting as loan agents were not issued until March 26, but the amount of Bonds reported sold at the United States Treasury up to May 14th was

$48,964,900.

Subscriptions will be received by the TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES at Washington, and the ASSISTANT TREASURERS at New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and by the

First National Bank of New York, No. 4 Wall Street.
Second National Bank of New York, 23d St. & Broadway.
Fourth National Bank of New York, Pine Street.
Fifth National Bank of New York, 338 Third Ave.
Sixth National Bank of New York, 6th Av. & Broadway.
Ninth National Band of New York, 363 Broadway.
Tenth National Bank of New York, 240 Broadway.
New York Nat. Exchange Bank, 184 Greenwich St.
First National Bank of Jersey City, N. J.

And by all National Banks

which are depositaries of Public money, and all

RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS

throughout the country (acting as agents of the National Depositary Banks), will furnish further information on application and

AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS.

5000 Agents Wanted,

TO INTRODUCE OUR

NEW GOLD PEN.

This gold pen is something entirely new, and is now offered to the public for the first time, and is made by an entirely new process, enabling us to offer them very cheap. Every pen is warranted one year, and to be genuine diamond pointed, and to possess all the elasticity and writing qualities of the highest priced gold pen made. Single pens sent by mail on receipt of the following prices:

WITH SILVER-MOUNTED EBONY HOLDERS, IN MOROCCO CASES.

No. 2. Medium Pen and Holder,	each	90 cents.
No. 3. Large, " "	each	$1 00.
No. 4. Engrossing Pen and Holder,	each	$1 15.

Great inducements to Agents and the Trade. Send for our Circular. GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Sole Manufacturers, No. 181 Broadway, New York.

Attention Company!

Clark's Onguent, a powerful stimulant. Each packet warranted to produce a full set of whiskers or moustaches in six weeks upon the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Any person using this Onguent, and finding it not as represented, by informing me of the fact, can have their money returned them at any time within 3 months from day of purchase. Price $1 00. Sent sealed and post-paid, to any address, on receipt of the money.

Address, A. C. CLARK,
P. O. Drawer 118,
Albany, N. Y.

Short-Hand without a Master,

By which the art of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, &c., may be attained in a few hours. 50th edition, with a supplement, sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents, by RICHARD PARKER & CO., corner Ann and Nassau Streets, New York.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

Of Articles to be sold for One Dollar each.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$115 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	70 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	18 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5160 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

Agents.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

Duryea's Maizena

RECEIVED TWO PRIZE MEDALS
(From Juries 3 and 4) at the

International Exhibition,
LONDON, 1862;

AT THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT HAMBURG, JULY, 1863, RECEIVED THE HIGHEST PRIZE MEDAL FOR ITS GREAT DELICACY AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.

Can be served up in an infinite variety of delicious dishes. Sold by all Grocers, with directions. Pamphlet, with 50 Receipts, will be furnished on application by letter or otherwise, to

WM. DURYEA, Agent, 166 Fulton St., N. Y.

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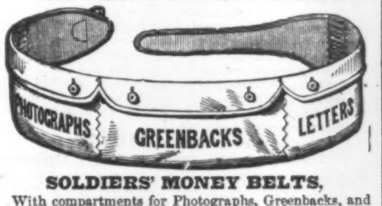

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